

REMEMBER THE 32,000 OVER THERE —SEE PAGE 5

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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MAY 18, 1923

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PAGE 3

Second in a New Series of True Stories:  
"Tales of the D. C. I."

## "M'seer Sharley"

By Karl W. Detzer

He sat at a  
table among a  
group of Frenchmen,  
talking loudly and  
drunkenly in French.  
About thirty, or  
nearly so, he was a  
little man and very  
black

IT was May, 1919, and half the American troops in France were still to come home. The spring rains had dried, and Normandy, Maine and Touraine glistened under sparkling sunshine. To the ten thousand doughboys who entered the Embarkation Area each day and the ten thousand others who sailed, all seemed well with the world.

But in the office of the Division of Criminal Investigation, on the second floor of the old stone house in Le Mans, all was not so well. Our secret police had cleared up the viaduct gang. We had marked as closed a hundred minor cases. Yet in each mail there came reports of new crimes committed by or upon Americans in France. For every thousand dollars worth of stolen property we recovered and returned to the owners, ten thousand dollars more disappeared.

Railroad freight was still demoralized by car robberies. The French police bombarded us with complaints. Newspapers grew surly. In the whole billeting area the temper of the people was at the breaking point.

Colonel E. O. Saunders, director of the D. C. I., with headquarters at Chaumont, commanded that the railroad situation be cleared up at once. Under his orders I was relieved temporarily of my own sector in Le Mans and instructed to report in Tours to General Wallace W. Atterbury, commanding general of the Transportation Department of the A. E. F. There I should establish co-operation among the various units of the D. C. I. and all American train-guard organizations in Europe.

At the head of the Railway Train Guard service in General Atterbury's department was Major Lynn Adams, a keen officer who became superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police after the war. His long training as a captain of the state constabulary, combined with his uncannily analytical mind, made him much feared by evil-doers.

But the job was mammoth and his men were inexperienced. Ten thousand—a medieval army—could not police all the freight yards and trains. Some of them were careless; robbers still looted the cars. On the day I arrived

in Tours Major Adams gave me his blessing, what information he had, and letters of introduction to his departmental commanders.

"Do what you can," he said in conclusion. "We've slowed down the robberies. But a dozen new reports still come in every day. If you can make our guard companies co-operate with your secret police organizations everywhere in France, the two outfits ought to be of help to each other."

All railroads led to Paris. Reports of pillaging came from Brest, Bordeaux, St. Nazaire, Le Havre, even from Antwerp and Rotterdam. The trains which left these ports for Paris and the Rhine, loaded with sugar, candy, tobacco, leather and other commodities, were arriving at their destinations with broken locks and empty cars.

St. Nazaire fared worst. In that port and nearby towns the Americans had built one of the largest freight yards in the world. It received twice as many cars as any one other, and reported twice as many robberies as any two others. The day I saw its expanse of shifting tracks, its miles of warehouses,





"Over here in Warehouse 11," he related cautiously, "a group of sergeants are acting mighty suspiciously"

its acres of docks, I understood why the task of policing was herculean.

In the town of X, which was a part of the St. Nazaire railroad yard, was an officer whom we will call Major Conroy. An enlisted man for many years, he had been appointed a major for the duration of the war and was serving at this time as commander of the Railway Escort Battalion in X. He looked like a soldier, walked like one, talked like one. His face had a scar of battle. On his uniform were half a dozen decorations, including the Distinguished Service Medal.

One Monday evening, when I first visited him, we walked along the railroad tracks while he explained the difficulties in his territory. Eight miles of docks were under his guard, thirty warehouses, and a huge freight yard where two thousand Negro stevedores trundled bales and cases. Not only did X lie in the path of all freight from St. Nazaire and Montoir to Paris and the front; it was also the debarking point for what ocean shipping came into the river from the Atlantic, to be hauled

overland to Paris and other points in the interior.

Major Conroy reported despondently that he had exhausted his resources. His yards were robbed nightly. A thousand Marines served in his guard battalion. Two of his men rode on every train. French detectives popped in and out of the warehouses. Still the thievery went on.

I left the Major after supper and strolled out alone in civilian clothes to learn the character of the town. In the hope of finding other Americans out of uniform I went through the military police cordon into the restricted districts. The streets were dark, the cafés disreputable, the provincial Apaches just as swaggering as their Paris brethren and just as inscrutable. But of the type I sought I saw none.

At that time many American deserters were hiding in the low hotels. They had discarded the uniform because of the embarrassing questions of the military police. These were the men who were causing the D. C. I. most of its worry—deserters without funds, in ci-

vilian clothes, who lived on the country as their wits permitted them. Usually I found some of them in restricted sections; this time I was unsuccessful.

Returning to a lighted square shortly after nine o'clock I stopped in front of the best café in the town. I entered curiously. The first person I saw within was an American Negro.

He sat at a table among a group of Frenchmen, talking loudly and drunkenly in French. About thirty, or nearly so, he was a little man and very black. His suit of gray spring clothes were Parisian, his spats a soft mauve, his walking stick snappy. His French friends listened admiringly.

At the next table I recognized M. Martel, the city chief of police, to whom I had presented my credentials early that morning.

"Who is he?" I asked the Frenchman, motioning toward the Negro.

"Sharley Baker, an honest enough fellow," the chief answered. "He's a civilian, one of your discharged American soldiers who is planning to open a large dance hall and restaurant here in X. He is very wealthy. In fact, he has a visitor's card at my club."

I listened incredulously.

"How does he make his living?" I demanded.

M. Martel shrugged his shoulders.

"Living?" he returned. "Oh, he need not worry about that. His father is a millionaire in America."

That was enough. A drunken American Negro with a millionaire father, a discharged soldier who spent a hundred francs among a group of French parasites—here was a man worth watching.

When Mr. Charles Baker left the café I had been waiting several minutes on the opposite curb. I followed him, not past the disreputable quarters I had expected, but up a steep hill into an aristocratic residence district off the main square. With his own key he unlocked an iron gate into the premises of a tall, stone house.

Convinced that here was a character to be investigated, whether he was connected with the railroad robberies or not, I hurried back to M. P. headquarters. There I met Lieutenant Jett of the St. Nazaire office of the D. C. I. We discussed the negro, and at three o'clock in the morning went to the headquarters of Major Conroy. As an officer stationed for several months in X, we expected him to set us right concerning Charles Baker, millionaire Negro.

Major Conroy was out. I left a note with the sergeant on duty, telling the major that I suspected this colored American of some lucrative intrigue. Then, with Lieutenant Jett, I returned by motor to St. Nazaire for a consultation with Captain Slayton, who commanded the D. C. I. in the St. Nazaire base. Captain Slayton later became director of criminal investigation in the Oakland (California) police department.

Back in X Tuesday noon, I discovered that although Major Conroy had read my note at his office in the early morning, he had departed at once without leaving any word as to his destination. In a narrow street, far up town, I found his lodging. His landlady reported that the major had not been home all night.

That evening a lieutenant who served

(Continued on page 22)



# To Keep a Buddy's Grave Green

## WHERE THE GRAVES FUND STANDS

To April 28th. \$23,093.06

Week ending

May 5th . . . 8,226.89

Total to May

5th . . . . . \$31,319.95

ONCE more it is news from France that challenges the conscience and patriotism of America. The living Americans in France have united in a wonderful testimonial to the 32,000 Americans who lie buried in France. In one week our countrymen overseas have contributed 139,474 francs to The American Legion's Graves Endowment Fund, a sum which roughly equals \$10,000. And the Paris Committee which is conducting the campaign for contributions announces that it expects to raise 225,000 francs—\$15,000—before Memorial Day. The European contribution, by the way, is not listed in the totals received at National Headquarters.

The comparison is inevitable. If the small group of Americans now living in France, including hundreds of former doughboys who have married French girls, contribute \$10,000 in a week, what shall be the total contribution of one hundred million Americans in forty-eight States? Should not the united donations of our whole country far exceed the \$100,000 sum which is the minimum amount that will serve to provide flowers for every American grave abroad on every Memorial Day? Should not they reach, or even surpass, the \$200,000 mark, so that our annual duty to the dead can be performed year after year unstintingly? The answer is in the hands of America, and it will be given before Memorial Day.

Every sign indicates that the Legion and the country are about to make a wonderful demonstration of duty and generosity in the two weeks remaining before Memorial Day. At this moment contributions are arriving in the office of the National Treasurer at the rate of about a thousand dollars daily. Each day of the month of May should see the preceding day's total doubled or trebled or multiplied manifold if America is to perform its full duty to the dead overseas. And there is every hope that before Memorial Day weekly contributions will be counted in terms of tens of thousands of dollars.

It may be taken for granted that every post of the Legion wishes to be creditably represented in the Graves Endowment Fund, which will remain intact year after year, providing the flowers and flags and wreaths for the 32,000 graves overseas on each Memorial Day. It should be equally obvious why every American community should wish to share with its Legion post and unit of The American Legion Auxiliary in the honor of making a contribution.

### THE WHITE HOUSE


WASHINGTON

April 26, 1923.

My dear Mr. Bolles:

The American Legion Graves Endowment Fund has my heartiest support. It is a national duty to assist the Legion in raising this endowment. The World War Veterans whose bodies still lie over seas died with the hope that their gift to freedom - the gift of their lives - would suffice to save their brothers and children in making like sacrifices. They died in the hope that their sacrifice might be a contribution toward putting an end to war. We owe to them not only this tribute of perpetuating their memory, but our unswerving loyalty to their ideal that the war in which they fought might mark the end of all wars. Please accept the enclosed contribution on behalf of one citizen who cannot too greatly emphasize his obligation to the memory of our dead over seas, or his determination that they shall not have died in vain.

Most sincerely yours,



Mr. Lemuel Bolles,  
The American Legion,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Received by the Legion's National Adjutant with a check for \$50. At least \$100,000—preferably \$200,000—is sought by the Legion for its Overseas Graves Endowment Fund, the income from which will be used in perpetuity to decorate American graves on Memorial Day

The record of a contribution to the Graves Endowment Fund will constitute an inspiration on every Memorial Day hereafter, as the Legion and the Auxiliary join with the citizens of their communities in honoring the dead who lie in the cemeteries at home. It is therefore entirely fitting that those posts and Auxiliary units which have not already invited people outside the Legion to make contributions should do so at once systematically.

Hubert Woodward Post of Hamburg, Iowa, is one of the many posts which gained added respect at home by letting fellow citizens help in the cause. Although it has but thirty-eight members, the post raised \$54.55 by a tag day on which women of the Auxiliary received the contributions.

Chester L. Thompson Post, composed of service men who are patients in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Fort Bay-

ard, New Mexico, adopted a simple but effective plan to assemble contributions. It printed blank forms which were circulated in each of the wards of the hospital, every contributor signing his name and the amount he gave. There were 506 contributors and the amount raised was \$452.75.

Although it is desirable that every post and Auxiliary unit should forward contributions to the National Treasurer as early as possible, the fund will not be closed on Memorial Day. Of necessity, many contributions will not arrive in the office of the National Treasurer until after Memorial Day, and many posts and units are planning to raise their whole contributions on that day by the sale of poppies and in other ways. Contributions will therefore be acknowledged in the Weekly for some weeks after Memorial Day. This week's list is given on page 28.





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Downtown San Francisco, with the bay and the Berkeley Mountains in the background. Here the Legion's 1923 National Convention will be held in October

# And They Call It San Francisco

By Edward F. O'Day

## A Snapshot of the Legion's Fifth National Convention City

ONE Sunday morning of crystal sunshine the creator of Ma Pettingill and the creator of Judge Priest stood at the top of the climbing boulevard that encircles Twin Peaks and looked down upon San Francisco. "It beats Naples," said Harry Leon Wilson. "And Constantinople," said Irvin S. Cobb. From that

same vantage point several tens of thousands of American Legion men and women will look down upon the same spectacle next October when they gather for their Fifth National Convention.

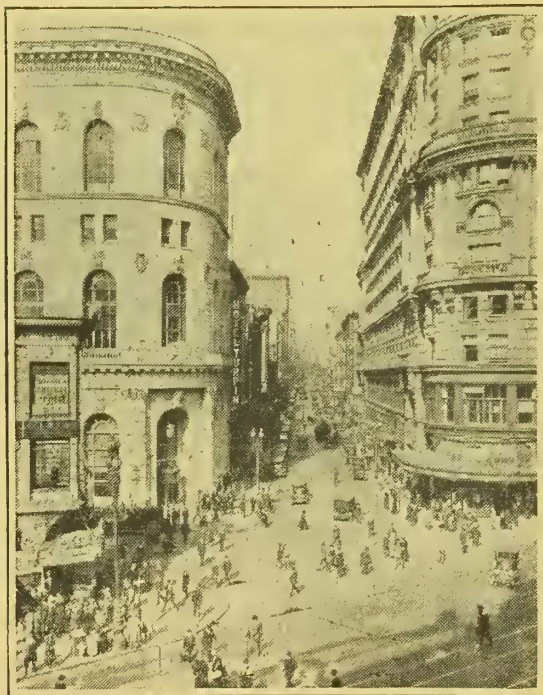
The profile of an old man, square-headed, high-browed and thick-necked, poking a thin nose toward the east — fancy sees some such grotesque in the relief map outline of the peninsula that is San Francisco. At the back of this old man's neck is the ocean, above his head the strait, before him the harbor. But from the summit of Twin Peaks, nine hundred feet above Market Street, all one sees is beauty of color and composition that sends fancy away from the grotesque to the Mediterranean and the Golden Horn for adequate comparison.

From this best coign of vantage Pacific Ocean, Golden Gate and land-locked bay are seen as a loop of blue water embracing a close-built metropolis of skyscrapers, homes,

blooming gardens and evergreen parks. This loop of water accounts for San Francisco. It determined the position of the city, and doubtless controls the metropolitan destiny about which we are boastful and a little too impatient.

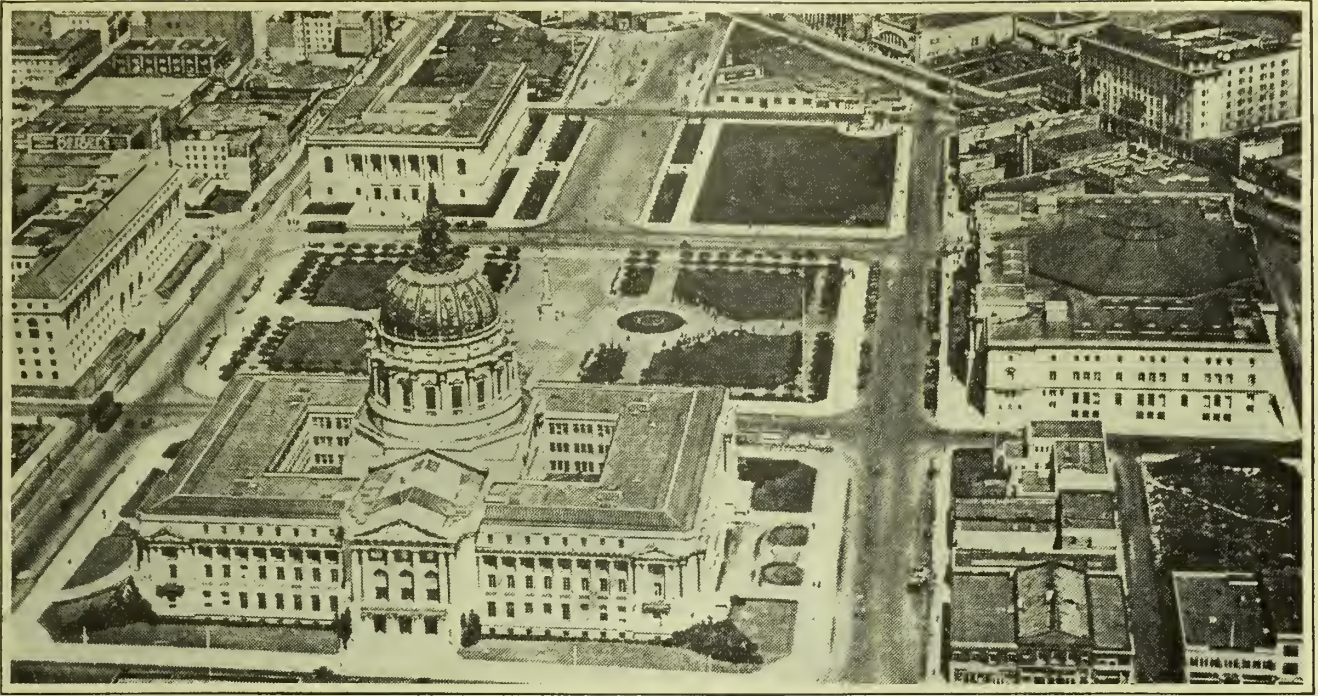
Beholding this crescent of salt water from Twin Peaks in the year of the Declaration of Independence, a gray-robed Franciscan friar wrote in his diary that "the port of San Francisco is a wonder of nature, and may be called the port of ports." Whereupon Lieutenant Colonel Anza, who had explored up from Mexico for a northern city site, decided that this was the spot to please His Catholic Majesty King Charles III of Spain and to check the encroaching Russians from Alaska.

Behind the serried hills at the northern tip of the peninsula is the Presidio Anza, founded for the Spanish troops. A generation later, in the adobe residence of the commandante (still standing), beautiful Concha Arguello lost her heart to the Russian Viceroy Razanov, with consequences that make the western world's most sublime tragedy of love. Today from the parklike precincts of that same Presidio American army planes whir forth to greet the Pacific Fleet as it enters the Golden Gate. Directly below Twin Peaks, in the kindest region of the peninsula, the adobe mission church of St. Francis of Assisi still stands on the spot that Anza designated, and the bronze bells of Mexico that Junipero Serra rang to call the Indians to Christ still peal over



Powell and Market Streets, in the heart of the hotel, theatre and shopping district





© G. E. Russell

The Civic Center, with the city hall in the foreground and Convention Hall, where the Legion delegates will assemble next October (octagonal roof) at the right of the photograph

the little churchyard where Spanish commandantes, Mexican alcaldes and Indian proselytes lie buried.

Thus soldier and priest collaborated to make a settlement by the "port of ports," and the first trails were beaten through the lupin and the poppies that flourished between Presidio and Mission. The lupin and the poppy are hill flowers; and it was, and is, her hills that make San Francisco beautiful. There are seven times seven now, but there used to be more—those of shifting sand were scooped away to make room for a gridiron of gringo streets. Left alone, the town would have grown according to the suave dictates of its natural contours, its byways curling upward terrace by terrace and its high-ways criss-crossing the narrow peninsula in gentle dips and rises from the Golden Gate to the San Bruno Mountain, from the Embarcadero to the ocean.

This was not to be. Yerba Buena (that was our name before 1847) was left pretty much alone by the Spaniards and their Mexican successors, but the San Francisco of Gold and Forty-Nine sprang suddenly into a city of fifty thousand souls, and at once the peninsula began to take the conventional pattern of an American city. It was years before this process was completed, but once finished, even the genius of Daniel H. Burnham, greatest of city planners, was powerless to undo the mischief. Market Street alone has been permitted to violate the geometrical symmetry of the pattern, and we may be pardoned for glorying in this tangent thoroughfare that dips its feet in San Francisco Bay, cuts its broad swath to the heart of the peninsula, and rests its head in the lap of Twin Peaks. From Forty-Nine all our other streets have

run blatantly rectangular, yet because they scale and toboggan the city's many hills they can affect here and there a coaxing seclusiveness and contrive to hide many mysteries.

San Francisco invented the cable car and still uses it for hill-climbing, though with apologies. Following one of the slotted roadbeds you gain the crest of Nob Hill, where the nabobs of the Comstock Bonanza and the Central Pacific built their ostentatious palaces. Chinatown tucked itself away behind that hill, quite willing to be unobserved, keeping a stolid nonchalance even when the Barbary Coast roared up from the waterfront to the barred teak-wood doors of its depravity and the joss-houses of its bland idolatry. Chinatown is still there, with a great deal that enriches the eye and lightens the purse of the tourist, and with not very

much to hide except a slave girl or so, a smuggled tin of opium and a game of fan tan. But the Barbary Coast—

"Take me to the Barbary Coast," murmured John Masefield to George Sterling the instant of setting foot in San Francisco, and as he led the singer of ships across the Embarcadero to a taxicab, the San Francisco poet had to answer: "Ichabod! Its bad mad glory has departed."

The Barbary Coast of Stevenson and Kipling had to go. It was picturesque, but it was not twentieth-century. In the earliest days of gold the murderers, thieves and crimps of its predecessor Sydney Town provoked the first Vigilance Committee, and when they had been hanged, transported and terrified into flight, Sydney Town gradually disappeared. The Barbary Coast was of

(Continued on page 20)



The Fine Arts Building, built for the exposition of 1915, now retained as a permanent art museum

© Ewing Gallay



# Would They Do It Again?

By John R. Tunis

THE other day I was in the city of Amiens, France. Amiens was the headquarters of the British Fifth Army during part of the war; it was wholly in the British sector during most of the struggle, and few Americans, our Second Corps excepted, ever saw it. But those who have seen Reims, Soissons, Verdun, have seen Amiens. They are all pretty much alike, those cities of northern France, today.

There was great excitement in Amiens that morning. People were in the streets buying papers and standing on the curb reading them, and everywhere were little groups of citizens discussing the event of the hour, all talking at once. For they had been holding a court martial in Amiens, and judgment had just been pronounced.

Three German non-commissioned officers had been tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life. A severe sentence this, but the inhabitants seemed to think it justified. For these men had been convicted of torturing French prisoners of war. One had crushed a Frenchman's arm so that it hung limp and helpless as the witness gave his testimony in the court room. Another had driven a French marine mad by torture of various sorts, and a third had actually tortured a prisoner to death.

Those critics of France who sit back and storm at the French for invading the Ruhr would do well to remember that German hosts have swept down on French soil three times since the year 1800, and to realize also that the French are and always will be the ones to bear the first onslaught of any such invasion. If there has been any great change in German mentality since the days of the Armistice, competent observers have failed to discover it, and that the German, once recovered, would spring again at France is evident to the casual traveler in Germany today. Every Frenchman realizes this if other nations do not, and that is why with but a few exceptions, regardless of rank or creed or political party, the entire nation is behind Poincaré in his attempt to make Germany pay. In fact, solidarity of opinion in France is greater today than it was in some of the bitterest crises of the war itself.

In a little hotel in the south of France in which I was staying recently was a concierge named Victor. Victor had been an artillery telephonist. He had fought five years in the war and had been wounded forty-two times by actual count. Two fingers were gone from one hand, and a thumb was missing from the other. A big scar showed across the back of his neck; a couple of steel plates were where ribs should be; stray chunks of lead were all over his body. In addition he had been gassed several times, and for these services to his country he was drawing the magnificent sum of eighty francs. "There's a Veterans Bureau in France," I can hear some cynical Yank comment.

"Just enough for breakfasts," said Victor, as he coughed and limped around at his work. But that wasn't the worst of it. The eighty francs he



was supposed to draw was tied up somewhere in red tape in the files of the district office of the Ministry of Pensions in Marseilles, and Victor was getting nothing. A man more disgusted with France, with war, with the army, would have been hard to find.

Then one night early in January came the news that the French were going to move into the Ruhr the next morning. I saw Victor when we got word of this, saw his face light up when he heard that all specialists, such as telegraphers and telephonists, could re-up if they desired. A queer look came into his eyes. If it was true, this rumor, if it was true—"moi, j'irai demain," he said.

It was true, as he found out the next morning when the local paper appeared. He went downstairs and in ten minutes he was back minus the peaked hat and the blue coat with the crossed gilt keys on the lapels of the collar. He had on a battered derby and a faded brown suit, and a small bag was slung over his shoulder. Off he went amid the cheers of the rest of the household, face aglow. Hero or fool, call him what you like, he represented the spirit of nearly everyone of his countrymen today. Germany must pay!

That is what the Frenchman feels. France must be free from another invasion and Germany must pay for the damage she has done, and if it is necessary for him to climb back into horizon blue he will do so, make no mistake about that.

Across the Channel they see England sitting in security with the German colonies wiped out and the German fleet a thing of the past. Further off they see America, rich and prosperous, with no large debt, her budget balanced, with little or no unemployment, with vast resources hardly tapped.

Then they look at their own country. Let me tell you what they see if they are honest with themselves.

They see a country whose birthrate is decreasing every year. They see a country with a mounting debt, a country whose people are by nature saving but for the first time unable to save. They see a country where prices are still rising while in both England and America they have fallen since the war.

These are some of the things they see, see with the fear born of desperation.

Prices in France are higher now than they have been at any time since the war. For a Frenchman the most ordinary suit of clothes cannot be bought for less than forty-five or fifty dollars—a suit that in 1914 would have cost fifteen at the most. Shoes of the cheapest variety cost fifteen dollars. Board and room in a modest hotel, a dollar a day before the war, now costs five or six. Substitutes of all kinds are being used for food, yet prices increase steadily. Bread has just gone up. Sugar is much higher than last year. How would you care to pay twenty cents apiece for eggs? Ask your wife what she would think of butter at four dollars a pound, of a chicken at five dollars with hardly enough meat on it for two? A shirt that cost six francs ten years ago costs exactly thirty-four now; a necktie, if it is to last overnight, costs twenty-five francs—five dollars. I have used in these cases the cost to the average Frenchman—not, obviously, what the American tourist with sixteen francs to the dollar would have to pay for the same articles—but they will give some idea of what it costs the French family to live today and why the people in France are not saving as they used to do.

To the question, "Would you do it again?" there can be but one answer to the Frenchman. That answer is yes.

CONDITIONS have changed in Europe greatly since the war, but in no country have they changed to such a degree as in Germany. After the Armistice the average German was tired of war and willing to live on peaceful terms with his former enemies. Especially was this true among the business men of the country, who were heartily sick of the whole mess and wanted nothing but a chance to win back their country's former commercial position.

Today that attitude has altered entirely. Keen observers predicted that by invading the Ruhr the French would crystalize German public opinion against them and stiffen the attitude of that section of the nation which had continued to hate them and plan revenge. Just how true this was probably no one who made those predictions ever realized, but today the French are hated with all the bitter feeling of the days of 1915 and 1916. It is bad enough to be an Englishman or an American in Germany just now, but to speak French in Berlin is to sign your death warrant.

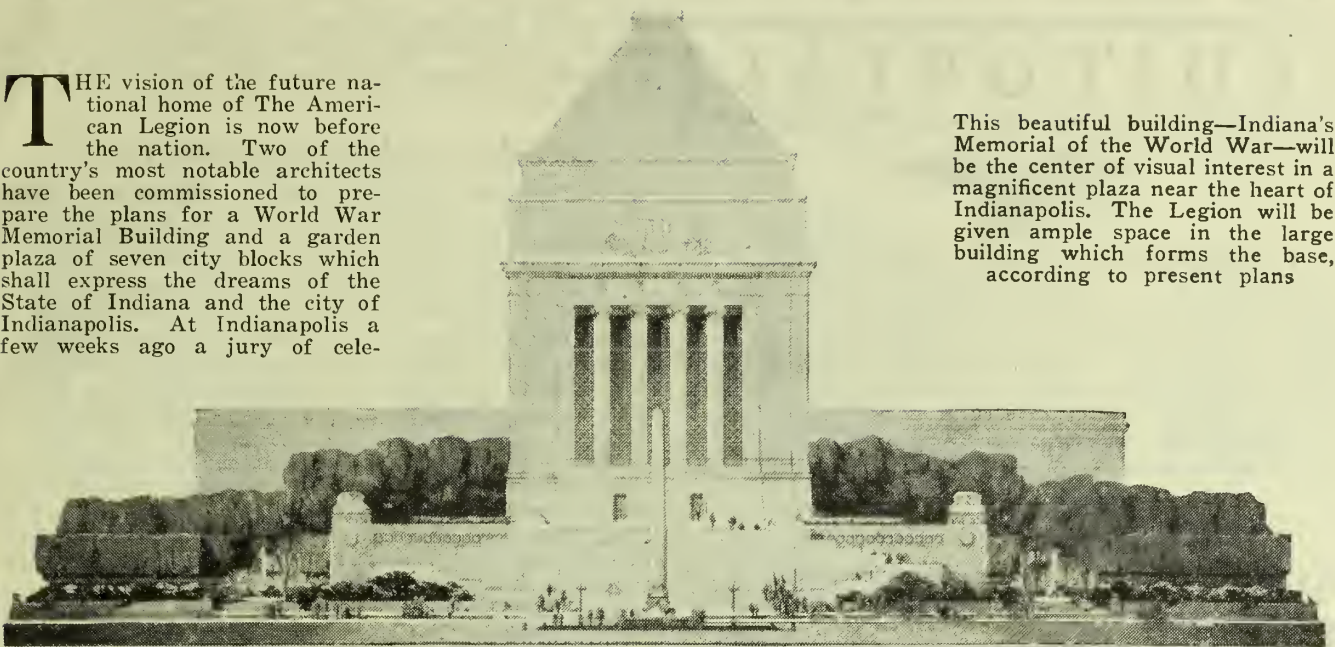
Even toward Americans German feeling is bitter enough today. The writer was hauled out of bed in a Munich hotel at two a.m. some weeks ago and taken to the police station on the pretext that his passport had not been visaed by the local authorities. As I had only arrived in the city some three hours previously, it would seem that the local authorities could have waited until the next morning for a visit. I had, the police sergeant told me in excellent English, broken a strict rule of the municipality by not reporting my

(Continued on page 24)



**T**HE vision of the future national home of The American Legion is now before the nation. Two of the country's most notable architects have been commissioned to prepare the plans for a World War Memorial Building and a garden plaza of seven city blocks which shall express the dreams of the State of Indiana and the city of Indianapolis. At Indianapolis a few weeks ago a jury of cele-

This beautiful building—Indiana's Memorial of the World War—will be the center of visual interest in a magnificent plaza near the heart of Indianapolis. The Legion will be given ample space in the large building which forms the base, according to present plans



## The Proposed New Legion G.H.Q.

brated American architects examined the plans and drawings submitted in competition by twenty-six individuals and firms and awarded to Frank R. Walker and Harry E. Weeks of Cleveland, Ohio, the honor of designing the structure which is intended to be a pilgrimage center of American patriotism.

The realization of the dream of Indiana and Indianapolis calls for the erection of a shrine of peace, a square, columned tower of marble and limestone rising 190 feet above the Indianapolis streets and surmounted by a pyramidal dome of prism glass. Within this tower, amid a setting of marble columns and friezes depicting the spirit of strife, will stand a heroic statue, the figure of Peace Triumphant. In this cloister, lighted by the magnified reflection of the sky, will be battle flags and relics of the World War.

The memorial tower, which will be ninety-six feet square, will rise from the center of a flanking building twenty feet high, 220 feet long and 150 feet wide. The national home of The American Legion will be in this sub-structure, which will also contain a conference hall, a banquet hall, and quarters for other patriotic and memorial organizations.

Under the plans adopted at the end of the competition, the memorial shrine would

stand in the middle section of the plaza which is to be created by the removal of forty-six buildings now standing, including structures in two solidly built-up blocks and a large institution for the blind which covers an entire square. The plan would place the memorial shrine itself in the square immediately south of East Michigan Street. This site is almost opposite the present National Headquarters Building of The American Legion, a former apartment

house, one of the buildings that is to be razed. The location of the memorial shrine is subject to change, however, and in the final draughting of the plans, which will take some months, it may be decided to bring the memorial shrine nearer the exact center of the plaza. Changes may also be made in the details of the building itself.

The adoption of the memorial plans marks one of the final steps in the fulfillment of a pledge given to The American

Legion on behalf of the State of Indiana and the City of Indianapolis. When the Legion was just finding its strength, at the First National Convention in Minneapolis in 1919, representatives of Indiana and Indianapolis competed with other States and cities for the honor of obtaining the Legion's National Headquarters. It was said for Indianapolis that it was the center of population of the United States and assurances were given that should it be selected as the Legion's headquarters city, a memorial building would be erected to provide quarters fitting for an organization bound to hold an important place in American national life. Dr. T. Victor Keene of Indianapolis, at that time National Executive Committeeman from Indiana, presented these claims, and when the Minneap-  
(Continued on page 30)



The plaza which will house the Indiana Memorial (site marked 1) is outlined by the dotted line; 2, Federal Building; 3, present Legion National Headquarters Building; 4, James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Library.



# EDITORIAL



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Is Germany Coming to Her Senses?

WHEN France and Belgium sent their troops into the Ruhr to occupy the industrial heart of Germany until Germany should show a disposition to abide by the peace treaty and pay for a small part of the damage she did in the war, there was at first a singular absence of enthusiasm in the United States for the Franco-Belgian cause. In this condition of apathy the German propagandists saw their chance and undertook to make the most of it. They sought to turn the tables of American sentiment against France, somewhat as Dr. von Mach with his "Rhine horror" buncombe tried to do two years ago.

In this state of affairs The American Legion was the first unit of organized American opinion to speak out. In January the National Executive Committee declared unequivocally that the Legion stood with France. The National Commander in his speeches carried the message wide and far, and carried conviction with it. More expressions of opinion followed, and we began to hear less and less of American "opposition" to the course of our former Allies. Presently there was no doubt as to where America's sympathies lay. They were with France.

Moral support is something, but not everything. If we had merely sympathized with the Allies in 1917 and 1918 the result of the war would have been different, no doubt. In this contest of 1923 the Stars and Stripes came down from Ehrenbreitstein and the tri-color went up. France, with little Belgium, stood alone, and staked more than most Americans realize on a risky venture she had to make. France went into the Ruhr knowing that if she lost it meant virtually the loss of the victory gained by the war. It would have been evidence that not she but Germany was the master now, and Germany could fulfil the peace terms or disregard them as she chose. In this situation which choice do you suppose Germany would have made?

The courage France displayed was the courage of desperation. If she stayed out of the Ruhr, the Germans would have taken it as a sign of weakness and continued their policy of arrogance and defiance. Thus Germany would have been master without a struggle. France, if she must lose, simply chose to lose after a fight rather than without one.

But France has not lost, although the Germans have thrown every resource and every wile they could command into the struggle. France has not won, it is true, but she is winning. The occupation is nearly six months old and the Germans have made awkward advances of terms of settlement—the latest is pending as this is written. They have offered terms and conditions they rejected with scorn before France dared to enforce her rights. France, as yet, does not appear to be impressed by these gestures, and it is difficult to quarrel with France on that account. The Germans have been faithless to their word a hundred times. They have not even fulfilled the Armistice terms. They have tried to slick their way through every time.

Yet the end of another act of the greatest world drama seems to be in sight. May it be the last act which calls for

displays of arms and bloodshed. Whether it will depends largely on whether the Germans realize they are wrong and have been wrong from the start, and that they have lost the war.

## Making a Merchant Marine Pay

THE Canadian Government Merchant Marine had a deficit last year of \$9,649,478.72, according to the report of the directors recently made public. The loss on operation alone for 1922 was \$2,384,189.00.

We welcome these figures. They somewhat console those of us who have been worrying about the amount of money our ships have cost us. But they prove only one thing—that, under present day conditions, it is practically impossible to make a merchant marine pay on this side of the Atlantic, regardless of how wisely it may happen to be managed.

Once—only a few decades ago—our trim, fast-sailing ships were in every port and Old Glory was flying on every sea. Those were days to be proud of. But if we are to bring them back by competing successfully with the ships of other nations we must resort to some form of public support and this idea—which is rarely ever understood—is by no means popular in localities where its benefits are not appreciated. This antipathy to a subsidy would vanish were the facts in the case understood—in Maine and California, in Colorado and Kansas, in Tennessee and Wisconsin.

Here is what the facts sublimates to. Without ships of our own—real American ships of American registry—we must pay a large tax to foreign ship-owners on everything that is imported into this country. And we must continue to pay it forever. With ships that belong to us we must, for a certain number of years only, pay a much smaller tax to our Government, which, in turn, would utilize it in encouraging and developing our American merchant marine.

Which is the more patriotic policy? Which is the better policy—from the viewpoint of the hard-headed business man? One answer serves for both of those questions.

## A Look Ahead

THE other day thirty-five miners, recruited in this country, left for Russia. They expect to find perfect happiness in the Kuzbas mines. Before the ship sailed they assembled on deck and hoisted the Soviet flag. A delegation from Soviet headquarters in New York was on hand to give the voyagers a rousing send-off. No doubt a band was playing when the ship moved off. Truly, it was an inspiring moment.

In a few months those men will be back in America. They will have found that Russia is a tremendous, hard-pressed country where there is a vast amount of unpleasant, unremunerative work to be done. What they will have to say about Lenin's Utopia will be interesting. But it will not be broadcasted by the Bolsheviks.

## A Homeopath

STAMBULINSKY, Bulgaria's prime minister, has about as much tender regard for the average Communist as has Italy's iron man, Mussolini. He would like to see all of the Bulgarian variety depart for Mars—or some other far-away place. Such a general exodus being impossible, he suggests the next best thing. He suggests that the Communists of Bulgaria be forced to practice Communism.

Stambulinsky is, evidently, an extremely cruel man.



Isadora Duncan, has what she declares to be an infallible formula for world peace. If all countries would endow national institutions of the dance, hate would vanish and all the world be a brotherhood, she says. Now if, by that, Miss Duncan means to imply that at a dance we are bound to embrace people we should hesitate to embrace under any other circumstances whatsoever we concede some substance to her proposal.



## Every Buddy's Doing It Now

By Wallgren



WHEN YOU SEE A MAN  
(WALKING STIFF-NECKED TO  
KEEP HIS HEAD STEADY)  
STEALING GLANCES AT HIS  
REFLECTION IN EVERY  
POLISHED SURFACE, ETC. —



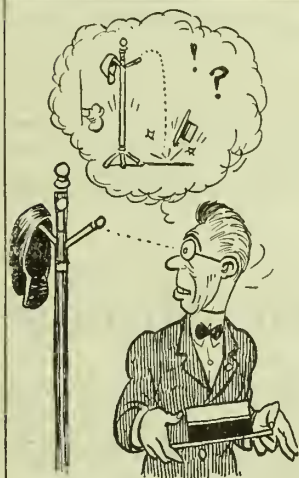
- AND WHO FUMBLES QUITE  
FOOLISHLY FOR THE CREASE  
IN THE CROWN OF HIS  
HAT WHEN HE WANTS  
TO TAKE IT OFF —



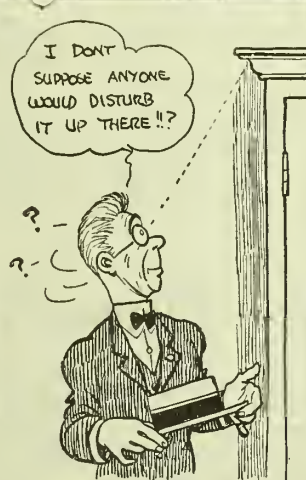
- AND GRINS IDIOTICALLY  
WHEN HE REALIZES IT  
ISN'T THAT KIND OF A  
HAT - AND REMOVES IT WITH  
THE GREATEST DELICACY —



- AND GETS PANIC-STRICKEN  
AT THE IDEA OF ANYONE  
ELSE (WHO MIGHT POSSIBLY  
SOIL IT WITH DIRTY FINGERS)  
TOUCHING IT —



- AND IS VERY DOUBTFUL OF  
THE SECURITY OF THE HAT-  
RACK AND LOOKS VERY  
CAREFULLY AROUND FOR  
A SAFE PLACE TO HANG IT —



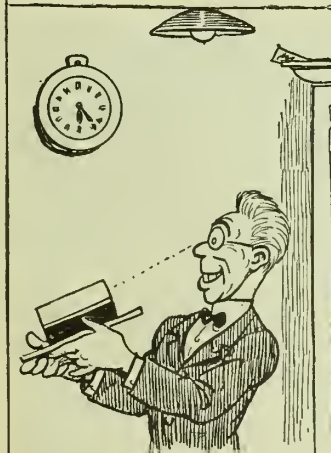
- AND FINALLY, AFTER DUE  
DELIBERATION, PICKS OUT-  
WHAT HE CONSIDERS - A  
PERFECTLY SAFE PLACE  
TO HIDE HIS TREASURE -



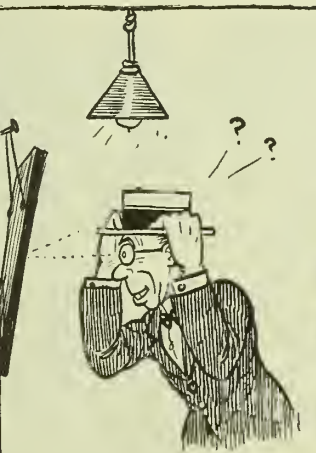
- AND CAREFULLY, WITH THE  
UTMOST CONCERN, DUSTS  
IT OFF BEFORE TRUSTING  
THE OBJECT OF HIS  
DEVOTION THERE-ON —



- AND AFTER MANY ANXIOUS  
AND SOLICITOUS GLANCES IN  
ITS DIRECTION DURING THE  
DAY-TO REASSURE HIMSELF  
OF ITS PRESENCE —



- TAKES IT DOWN AND SPENDS  
MANY MOMENTS GAZING IN  
RAPT ADMIRATION AT HIS MOST  
PRECIOUS POSSESSION BEFORE  
PUTTING IT ON AGAIN —



- AND HANDLING IT WITH THE  
CARE AND CONSIDERATION ONE  
USUALLY BESTOWS ON A FRAGILE  
AND BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART-  
PLACES IT ON JUST SO —



- BEING CAREFUL NOT TO MAR  
ITS SPOTLESS PULCHRITUDE -  
AND VERY GENTLY TIPPING  
IT TO THE PROPER ANGLE  
WITH THE FINGER-TIPS —



- GIVES IT A FINAL APPROVING  
TAP BEFORE TRUSTING HIMSELF  
TO THE CRITICAL GAZE OF THE  
MULTITUDE; WHY - WE BET  
YOU'VE GUESSED IT ALREADY! ?  
HE'S GOT A NEW STRAW HAT!



# Putting Books in Buddy's Barrel

THE Government had built a truly splendid recreation building for the Edward Hines, Jr., Memorial Hospital at Maywood, Illinois, but it forgot to put anything in it. The building had hardwood floors, beautiful walls and lighting fixtures, plenty of good doors and windows, but it had no bookshelves, reading tables, magazine stacks or chairs. It was a Buddy-in-the-Barrel building. The "library," as indicated on the architect's plans, looked as bare as a handball court.

Some well-meaning persons noticed the trouble and got ready to cart in a lot of second-hand library furniture left over from wartime cantonment buildings. And dismal furniture it was—all worn and scarred, rickety and decrepit. It would have matched the patients' crutches, but it would have been



From a room to a library—La Grange post did it

a total loss in an appraisal of its cheerfulness.

But there happened to be a post of the Legion in La Grange, Illinois, nearby. La Grange Post said that the cantonment furniture should not go in the new library. La Grange Post got busy. The photograph shows what La Grange Post did.

It appropriated some hundreds of dollars from its treasury to buy the tables, chairs and shelves for magazines and books. It obtained the services of a library bureau to insure that the equipment should be just right. It even provided special blue lights for those service men unable to read under the glare of bright lights because of eye trouble. Large trucks were brought in so that stacks of books could be wheeled from ward to ward, permitting bed-ridden patients to make their selections.

The post did not stop there, either. It helped get together books with a special appeal to men suffering with certain diseases, such as tuberculosis, so that the readers could obtain knowledge that would contribute toward their recovery.

## The Government Owes These Men Money

THOUSANDS of service men who upon demobilization held the one thought of separating themselves in every shape and form from their service connections included in that separation process the dropping of their government insurance. Now, after three or four years' time to think matters over, they are beginning to appreciate the fact that that step was rash—that government insurance is one reminder of service days still of great value to them or their dependents.

During the past year hundreds of veterans have been reinstating their government policies. Some of these men, in their eagerness again to secure this protection, rushed in without proper or sufficient knowledge of the reinstatement requirements and mailed to the Insurance Division of the Veterans Bureau checks or money orders to cover one or more monthly premiums, thinking that this action would automatically reinstate their insurance. In an endeavor to set these men right and supply them with the proper reinstatement forms and instructions, the Insurance Division found that about seventy-five men had failed either to furnish proper addresses or that they had moved from the addresses given, letters to them being returned unclaimed.

These men, therefore, are not protected by government insurance. The money remitted by them is being held to be returned or to be applied as premium payments as soon as proper reinstatement forms can be secured. Any Legionnaire who finds his name

in the following list, or who may know the present whereabouts of any of the men listed, is requested to write at once to the Contact Officer, National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

### ARMY AND MARINE CORPS

ADKINS, Gilbert W., Pvt. Cas. Det., Ft. Riley, Ks.; ATCHISON, Raymond J., Pvt. Co. H, 104th Inf.

BALLAND, John, Pvt. Ord. Dept., Ft. Slocum; BEAUMONT, George Arthur, Pvt. USMC; BEZOTTE, George Joseph, Pvt. Hdq. Co., 337th Inf.; BROCK, Arthur Edgar, Lt. NNV; BROWN, George, Pvt. 71st Co., 159th DB; BURKE, Thomas A., Pvt. Co. B, 116th Inf.

CLARK, Denie, Pvt. 1st Cl. Co. L, 29th Inf.; CLARK, Lushion L., Pvt. Co. F, 8th US Inf.

DARRY, William B., Pvt. Btry. F, 127th FA; DE LA CRUZ, Felix, Pvt. Co. H, 2nd H Inf.; NGUS; DENTON, Francis Douglas, Capt. Co. A, 55th Engrs.; DOUTT, Harvey Albert, Corp. Btry. B, 123 FA.

ENGI, Peter Benj., Pvt. 19th Co., 166th DB; ERICSON, Emil Albin, Corp. Co. A, 109th Hq., Tr. MP.

FRANKLIN, Cary Allen, Pvt. Co. A, 1st Ohio Inf.; FRAZIER, Harry H., Pvt. Hq. Co., 123rd Inf.; FREDERICK, Lewis S., 2nd Lt. Inf., 113rd Amm. Tr.; FREUND, Herman, Rct. GMS, NA.

GALAS, Frank, Mechanic 158th Co., CAC; GARFINKLE, Jonas, Pvt. 23rd Co., 156th DB; GAVIN, Patrick James, Sgt. Co. B, 5th Engrs.; GRANILLE, Alfred P., Hq. Co., 19th Inf.; GRANT, Paul Martin, 7th Co., 5th Regt. MC; GREANER, John Albert, Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. L, 21 Inf.; GREEN, James William, Corp. Med. Dept., Camp Pike; GRUBB, Edward Curtis, Mech. Hq. Co., 127th FA.

HALL, Edwin Philip, Pvt. 1st Cl., AS, SERC; HAYWOOD, John, 48th Co., 157th DB.

JAS, Thomas E., Pvt. 26th Engr., Co. A; JOHNSON, Arthur John, Pvt. 9th Co., 2nd Air Serv.; JONES, Harry P., Pvt. SATC, Univ. of Utah; JONES, Lewis, Pvt. Co. E, 357th Inf.

KELLEY, Philip Sheridan, Sgt. QMC, Ft. Des Moines, Ia.; KIENIA, George, Pvt. Co. B, 343rd Inf.; KINILAU, Benjamin, Wag. Supply Co., 1st Haw. Inf., USA; KLOVOS, William George, Pvt. Sup. Co., 122nd Inf.; KRISTNOFE, George W., Saddler, USMA, Det. of FA.

MCNEIL, Lee, Pvt. Co. 6, 165th DB; MACKINNON, Samuel J., Pvt. Co. F, 5th Pion. Inf.; MARSHALL, Willie, Pvt. QMC Rec., Co. 15; MADREN, Andrew, Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. F, 30th Inf.; MIHALIA, Thomas A., Pvt. Tn. Hq. Co., 116th Am. Tr.

NIXON, Joseph E., Pvt. Hqrs. Co., 125th FA; NOLEN, Charles B., Pvt. Co. E, 155th Inf.

OLSEN, Ben, Pvt. USMC.

PAYNE, Early C., 5 Prov. Co., 164th DB; PLUNKETT, Matt John, Pvt. Post Hosp. Ft. Russell, Wyo.; PUTMEN, Clyde Chester, 1st Lt., ROTC.

REDBURN, Carl H., Pvt. Co. C, 355th Inf.

SAFAKE, Alexander, Pvt. Co. 38th, 159th DB; SALONY, Benny, Pvt. Co. B, 310th Inf.; SCHUELLERMAN, Frederick J., Cand. COTS, Camp Lee, Va.; SEXTON, Earl H., Pvt. 1st Cl., Sup. Co., 148th Inf.; SIMMONS, William Craig, Pvt. 1st CANA; SILVERTON, Sigvald A., Pvt. 1st Cl., Co. A, Gen. Hos. 28; SMITH, Frank, Rct. Co. No. 1, Waco, Tex.; SULLIVAN, John Gilbert, Pvt. USMC; SUTTON, Arthur T., 1st Lt. Sig. RCAS; SYLVANNE, Oscar, Rct. Inf. RA, 16th Co., Jefferson Bks.

THOMPSON, Emmett Edw., Pvt. Co. E, 26th Inf.; THOMPSON, Ralph W., Pvt., Co. F, 107th Engrs.; THORNBURG, Lee R., Pvt. USMC.

WALKER, Thomas, 10th Co., 157th DB; WALLACE, Simon J., Pvt. 402 Aerial Sq.; WARNOCK, Al Dudley, 1st Lt. 158th Inf.

### NAVY

BROWN, Edward Melton, Sea. 2nd Cl., USN.

CONNELL, William R., Sea. 2nd Cl., USN.

DAVIS, Harold Jackson, Sea. 2nd Cl., USNRF;

DOUGHERTY, Charles J., Sea. 2nd Cl., USNRF.

MELLEDEGE, Elizabeth, Lands for Yeo. USNRF;

MELLOR, Stuart Woodland, Sea. 2nd Cl., USNRF.

PARKER, Frank, C. Lds. El. (r) USN.

ROBERTS, Claude, F. 2nd Cl., USN.



# Jazzing Up the Town

ORPHEUS was a first rate jazz artist on the lyre, and some other old-timer got quite a rep by making it snappy on the harp in Tara's Hall, but if you want to know what genuine syncopation is these days, drop into the clubrooms of Wadsworth (Ohio) Post. Wadsworth Post would as soon give up its cigarettes as its music, because its post orchestra is an every-day institution, just like hob-nails were to a doughboy. None of your delicate, one-concert-a-year orchestra for Wadsworth Post.

The foregoing may be a libelous description of a well-behaved jazz orchestra, but it does indicate what an orchestra can do to keep things stirring. The orchestra has figured in almost all Wadsworth Post's activities. It helped make a bang-up success of a three-day jubilee centering around Fourth of July. Wadsworth has fewer than 5,000 people, but 20,000 crowded into the town for this show. Then the orchestra demonstrated its versatility by provid-



This orchestra, composed of members of Wadsworth (Ohio) Post, has become a civic institution and a decided Legion asset

ing proper music for Memorial Day exercises. It was the leading feature of the post's minstrel show, of course. In the community, Christmas celebration, in the Red Cross drive and during Education Week, the orchestra did its share

also. Largely because of the musical interest the post has created by all these activities, it has been able to arrange for the appearance in Wadsworth of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

## The Legion Aids in Upholding the Law

THE American Legion post of Medford, Oregon, rallied to the defense of American ideals with the spirit of Concord's minute men when the news spread through its town that a corporation owning a large orchard had notified its twenty American employees that they were no longer needed and that it was preparing to put forty Japanese to work in their places.

The post immediately wired a protest to the president of the corporation in Sacramento, California, declaring the importation of Japanese was a moral violation of the law recently passed by the Oregon legislature forbidding land ownership or leases by aliens ineligible

for citizenship. Although that law was not in effect, the prospective evasion by anticipation was termed destructive of true public spirit and entirely out of key with the sentiment of the people of the State. The department commander of the Legion also issued a statement condemning the proposed replacement.

In a few days Medford Post had lined up behind it the Elks Club and many other organizations of the town, and sentiment favored taking every legal and peaceful action possible to prevent the execution of the corporation's plan. The effects of the remonstrances were soon felt. The vice-president of the corporation, answering the post's wire,

declared that he had been unfamiliar with conditions in Medford at the time the contract was made with the Japanese. He promised to use every effort to obtain a cancellation of the contract.

The clear-cut issue at Medford attracted attention throughout the Northwest, where sentiment is wholly behind the policy of the Legion, which has been affirmed at both national and department conventions. It furnished one more convincing argument for a rigid exclusion law. It proved that the Japanese question is not a theoretical one, but one which is developing serious complications in the every-day life of the communities of the Pacific Coast.

## The Canteen of Today



Like old times, only better.

REMEMBER your hob-nail days when you would walk miles in the mud and rain to stand in line for a cup of hot chocolate or a pack of cigarettes? The canteen near the front usually made its home in a barn or a half-wrecked stone cottage. In the cantonments at home it lived in a recreation building, a shack on a big scale. But the canteen has come into a new dignity in peacetime. This canteen of Cass County Post at Logansport, Indiana, wears a dress suit and lives in a \$100,000 clubhouse. As the photograph shows, it still fills its wartime role as a tobacco dispensary, and its plate-glass cases are also full of candy, shaving soap, razor blades of the favorite doughboy brands and some others. The canteen detail operates a lunch counter, and hungry members may get chili con carne, hot frankfurters, sandwiches or pie and coffee almost any time. The parquet floor, Wilton rug and polished oak tables are simply new fancy togs, but the spirit of the old A. E. F. canteen is still alive.



# BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 W. 43d St., New York City

## Critical Criticism

The young editor had just founded a new magazine—one of those highbrow things with pale gray covers and uncut pages—and was eager for applause.

"What do you think of it?" he asked the celebrated literary critic to whom he took a copy for examination.

"Well," replied the other, wearily but warily, "the stuff you rejected must certainly have been rotten."

## The Why of It

"I'm not so crazy about Harry any more."

"Why not?"

"Because he knows so many of those songs he learned in France."

"And does he sing them to you?"

"No—darn it all—he just whistles the tunes."

## Woof!

Mose Sampson had been arrested for helping himself illegally to a white neighbor's Wyandottes.

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the judge.

"Not guilty, suh!" answered the prisoner promptly.

"Have you an alibi?"

"Al-al-says which, please, suh?"

"You heard me! Have you an alibi?"

"Oho! Yassuh! Didn' onnerstan' yo' at fust. Yo' means de alley by which ah 'scaped wid dem chickens?"

## Perfected Ignorance

Examiner: "So you are entirely without knowledge of the new tariff law?"

Witness: "Yes—I've read it."

## Unofficial Medical Guide

**I-TROUBLE.**—This disease is chiefly confined to non-coms and second looeys, although no one is exempt. It is caused by enlargement of the ego and is almost always accompanied by acute swelling of the head. An X-ray of the skull will show a large vacuum in the brain. The disease is never fatal—unfortunately. It is annoying only to those under the command of the afflicted one, and as a rule is not noticed by the patient until his attention is called to it by a superior.

Hard-boiledness, caused by the patient's being often in hot water, is frequently a complication of this ailment.

The cure is largely climatic, necessitating an early fall, which, of course, cannot be effected by the pillshooter.

## A la Russe

The cub reporter had been sent to get his first interview—one with a famous Russian dancer—who had just arrived on the S. S. *Hypocritic*. After he had gained entrance to the star's dressing room he began, pronouncing his words slowly and carefully:

"What—can—you—tell—me—of—your—early—career—in—Russia—and—your—first—impressions—of—this—country?"

"Oh, jot down any old thing, kid," replied the celebrated danseuse. "I'm tired out to-night and want to get back to the old dump in Three Rivers, Michigan."

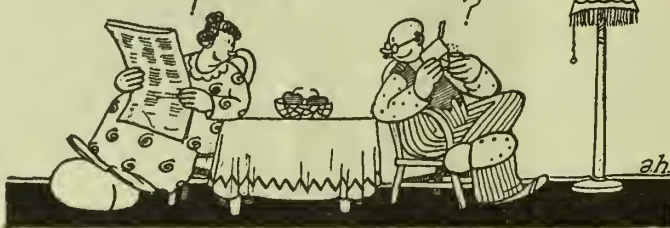
## After the Battle

Mrs. Hoolihan: "An' don't ye dare come back till I send for ye!"

Mr. Hoolihan (battered but still belligerent): "An' don't ye dare send for me until I come back!"

*Dear, will you love me  
after I have been  
taken away*

*You bet! who  
is going to  
take you*



Taking Her Seriously

## And He Did

"Dost thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" asked the old minister. "Dost thou promise to keep her in adversity or prosperity? Wilt thou care for her, protect, cherish and love her? Wilt thou slave all the days of thy life to buy her food and clothing, amusement and comfort?"

"I wilt," responded the groom faintly, as he toppled over into the arms of the best man.

## That's a Thrill!

They had been talking over the Thrill Department of the Weekly, and were disposed to contribute.

"What was yours, Bill?" asked one.

"We were in the trenches," replied Bill, "and were all ready to throw some bombs. The second looey—and, baby! but he was a bearcat for discipline—gave the order and we pulled the pins. Then what did that son of a gun do but see some darn irregularity or something, and yell, 'As you were!'"

## At the Theater

She: "What's all the commotion for, John?"

He: "Why, my dear, don't you see General Pershing standing in the upper box?"

She: "So it is! I thought it was a general uprising."

## Heightened Color

Ethel: "Stella hasn't forgiven her husband since their last quarrel."

Clara: "I thought as much from the way she's wearing her war paint, my dear."

## Inevitable

"Boys will be boys," mused the so-called happy father, when his seventh consecutive son was born.

## Zipp!

First Buddy: "I gotta second looey that's so dry that listenin' to him talk is like usin' blotters for chewin' gum."

Second Buddy: "We got a topper in our outfit who's so stuck-up that he never mentions himself without comin' to attention."

## "Home, James!"

The flivver taxi came to a sudden halt in the middle of the street, and the male passenger poked his head out.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sharply.

"I thought I heard the young lady with you call 'Stop!'" said the driver.

"Well, what of it? She didn't have to be talking to you, did she?"

## A Losing Game

She lost her poise when he tried to hold her hand and openly rebuked him.

When he attempted to put his arm around her she lost her temper and told him a thing or two.

He begged her pardon and promised not to do it again.

Then she lost interest.

## The Redeeming Traits

"Family pride and personal vanity," orated the buck private. "Those are the things that have kept me from being court-martialed a hundred times."

"Explain yourself," asked an interested friend who had been on the carpet himself.

"Well, I've got a brother in the Army and he's a captain. When I meet him in public I always salute him in the approved manner, but whenever I meet him in private I knock him cold."

## The Stern Parent

Blivvens was far from being a physical giant—in fact, he was what is termed a shrimp—but he prided himself on his decided views, especially on bringing up the young. One of his pet theories was that, no matter how obstreperous, children should never be spanked.

"But," objected a friend, "aren't there times—"

"Never," interrupted Blivvens firmly. "As true as I sit here, I have never raised a hand against my children except in self defense."

## Jinxed

According to his father, young Lew was undoubtedly the unluckiest fellow alive.

"Consider the last case," declaimed the old man. "Lew goes to the city and falls in love with a girl that lives out in one of the suburbs. And then she throws him down."

"That's nothing," remarked an auditor. "There's lots of girls."

"That ain't the point. The point is that the girl threw him down on his second trip to her place, and he'd went to work and bought a fifty-ride commutation ticket."

## Rotten

Judge (sternly): "Why did you strike that man in front of the millinery store?"

Defendant: "Because he repaid a loan in the presence of my wife."

Judge: "Discharged—next case."

## Flattered

Bertie Whiffenpoof had completed his first story, a masterpiece of fiction which, he felt, could not fail of acceptance from some metropolitan magazine—provided the editor had the slightest judgment at all. Therefore he took the slim envelope to the postoffice, explained proudly that it was a masterpiece, and asked what postage would be required.

"Two cents an ounce," replied the postmaster. "That's first-class matter."

Bertie beamed.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" he gushed.

## No Comproy

"How would you like to go to war with Turkey?"

"The very idea makes me feel faint. Think of the agony of learning to talk Greek to a new bunch of mademoiselles."



# THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of The American Legion Weekly, The American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the World War. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and in most cases noticed in reviews.

## Was Sergeant White the Most Wounded Soldier?

*The following interesting story and the equally interesting photograph accompanying it are taken from a graphic account of one soldier's reminiscences of service, "War Memories," by Frank A. Holden, former second lieutenant, 328th Infantry, 82d Division, published by the Athens Book Company, Athens, Georgia.*

ONE day while we were in Pont-de-la-May a soldier reported to our company who attracted the attention of all who saw him. On his right arm were lined five gold wound stripes. Never before had we seen a right arm almost covered with wound stripes. His name was Sergeant John B. White of Spartanburg, S. C. He was a tall, handsome soldier and limped slightly. He went overseas with the 1st Division.

Some of our officers doubted White's right to wear five wound stripes. They could hardly see how a man could have been wounded on five different occasions. Five wound stripes meant that he had been wounded five separate times, going back to the hospital for treatment after each wound was received. But investigation of the strictest kind never brought anything to light that served to discredit Sergeant White's right to wear the five stripes. I talked to him quite a bit. German bayonets, shrapnel and machine-gun bullets left sixty-three wounds on his body. To one disposed to doubt him, the sight of these would have been convincing. A bayonet wound was on his hand. Many of his wounds were so close together that they looked almost like one big wound.

Just before we left Pont-de-la-May for the embarkation camp, General Pershing reviewed us. We lined up early on the morning of February 27th for the review. It had been raining quite a bit. We marched by the General several times in different formations in mud ankle deep. After that we were given open ranks and the General walked by us so fast that his aide was almost running to keep up with him. Occasionally he would come to a quick halt and point his finger at a soldier and ask him a question. He asked a few who were wearing wound stripes where they were wounded. Some would say in the leg and others would say at Château-Thierry. After that, the General went back to the reviewing stand and then called for all the officers and non-commissioned officers to gather around him in a semi-circle. The General wanted to make us a speech.

Sergeant White was confined to his company area that day, but asked his captain if he could go out and see the review. His captain told him he could, but to stay in the background and not be seen. Sergeant White was a fine looking soldier. That morning he shaved close and shined his shoes, and he made a splendid appearance. There were a good many French inhabitants out to see the review. Just as we were going up to hear the General's talk, I saw Sergeant White edge out from behind the spectators. One of the General's aides caught the flash of the five shining wound stripes and went over and met him. As we were waiting for the General to make us a little talk the aide introduced Sergeant White to the General, and there, as they stood facing each other, the General's official photographer took their pictures. And there was Sergeant White, the biggest man of the day (although under order



When five golden wound stripes faced four silver stars: Sergeant White, with sixty-three war scars on his body, meets his C-in-C.

of confinement to his company street), now standing before the regiment answering the questions of the Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces!

One day as I was whiling away the long hours coming home on the boat, lying out on the deck in the warm sunshine as we were passing through the Gulf Stream, White came up and handed me a picture of our General and himself. The General had sent him several of the pictures. I now have this picture and prize it as much as I do any of my many little remembrances of the war. I often look at it. To me, it is a wonderful picture. In it General Pershing and Sergeant White stand face to face and five gold wound stripes on the sleeve of a sergeant face four shining silver stars on the shoulder of the Commander of the A. E. F.

When we arrived in New York there were many reporters down at the harbor to interview us, and one began asking me questions.

"Wait a minute," I said, "you don't want to talk to me. Let me introduce you to Sergeant White."

I introduced him to White and the last time I saw the sergeant he was surrounded by reporters. The New York Herald said that he was a worthy rival of Sergeant York.

During the summer of 1920, while I was eating lunch at a restaurant in my home town, two strangers were at the same table with me and we began talking. When I learned they were from Spartanburg, South Carolina, I told them the story about White that you have just read and after I finished one of the men looked a little sad and said, "I'm glad to meet someone that knew White in the Army. His mother is anxious to know more about his brave deeds. He was going to a ball game not

long ago from Spartanburg to Greenville and was killed in an automobile accident."

Sergeant White, over the top seven times, with sixty-three wounds in his body, none of which proved fatal, came home and was killed in an automobile accident! Life surely seems strange, sometimes, doesn't it?

White was laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery, Spartanburg, S. C., May 14, 1920.

## Book Service

THE following outfit histories and books dealing with the war are made available to Legionnaires and to other readers of the Weekly through special arrangements with the publishers. In some instances the Legion Library's Book Service is able to offer these volumes at a considerable reduction from the original sales price. The books listed are of value both to individuals and to post libraries.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred official war pictures showing all phases of YD activity from the time the division entered the trenches to the last parade in Boston. Large group pictures of the majority of the units showing ten thousand recognizable faces. A brief history of the division. The honor roll. Citations. Foreword by Maj. Gen. Clarence E. Edwards. 8 x 11 inches. 320 pages. Price: Cloth, \$5; leather, \$8.

THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims. Of interest to every veteran—of particular interest to sailors. A story of the splendid accomplishments of the United States Navy during the World War as told by the Old Man himself. 410 pages. Price: \$3.20.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Jennings C. Wise, Lt. Col., Historical Section, General Staff, A. E. F. A straightforward, unembellished but scrupulously accurate account of Cantigny, Château-Thierry and the fighting from the Marne to the Vesle, when the help of the American 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32d and 42d Divisions swung the Allies from the defensive to the offensive and started them on the road to victory. Maps. 255 pages. Price: \$1.60.

OUR 110 DAYS' FIGHTING. By Arthur W. Page. A concise record in story form of the part American troops played in France written by the son of the late Walter Hines Page, United States ambassador to England, with 120 pages devoted to tabloid histories of all divisions in the A. E. F. Maps. 283 pages. Price: \$2.50.

OUR GREATEST BATTLE. By Frederick Palmer. A comprehensive and intelligent account of America's greatest battle, the Meuse-Argonne, by America's foremost war correspondent, a member of the General Staff, A. E. F. Illustrated with maps. 617 pages. Price: \$2.50.

HISTORY OF THE 79TH DIVISION. An official account of the division's activities from its organization through its fighting days to its demobilization. Fully illustrated, handsomely bound. 510 pages. Price: \$5.00.

HISTORY OF THE 29TH DIVISION. A complete official story of the accomplishments of the Blue and Gray. 81 pages of illustrations. A complete divisional roster. 493 pages. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. An official history of the organization, training, fighting, occupation days and return home of the Ivy outfit. Illustrated. Price: \$2.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges.

Orders with remittance should be mailed to the Legion Library, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.



# Teacher's Pride—and Yet No Pet

**J**OSEPH GIANDONATO of Bridgeport, Connecticut, just escapes being a boy wonder.

He is seventeen years old and has a habit of winning literary prizes offered by such organizations as the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames of America. In addition he spends much of his time in the Bridgeport public library, and he writes blank verse. Only narrowly, therefore, does he miss classification as a bulbous-browed prodigy of the spindle-legged, horned rim-glasses type seen in the funny papers.

But Joseph has no look of face or body to betray his hours of library research and his nights of painful composition. Outwardly he is just like every other baseball-playing, fun-liking, long-trousered high school boy—a regular guy. It just happens that he thinks unusually straight and writes unusually well.

This is by way of introducing Joseph Giandonato, winner of the third prize in The American Legion's National Essay Contest. Joseph was awarded a bronze medal and a college scholarship of \$250 for his essay, "How The American Legion May Best Serve the Nation," in the national competition which enlisted fifty thousand boys and girls. He wrote his essay in dactylic hexameter—the blank verse of Longfellow's Evangeline and of the Iliad and the Aeneid. Not an ordinary composition, by any means, either in style or thought.

Joseph comes of the strain of Dante and Petrarch. The blood that is his flows out of centuries of romantic thought, feeling and expression. Nightingales do not sing in Bridgeport, nor do olive trees grow there. Round about Connecticut are no legendary haunts of nymph and satyr, and there are no pellucid cypress-lined rivers to stir the warm imagination of a mind poetic by inheritance and nature. Joseph simply has developed in the midst of an American industrial city the exotic traits of a transplanted race—Italian traits which have enriched and are still enriching American art and life.

Joseph's father was born in Italy. So was his mother. Joseph and his two sisters were born in Bridgeport. They all live in a little house in sight of the river front and factories. Joseph's father works in one of the factories. Rosie is thirteen and Sylvia is ten, and both are their brother's rivals in school work. Text-books come first, of course, on the table around which Joseph and his sisters study at night, but all three



Joseph Giandonato won third prize in The American Legion National Essay Contest of 1922, and he has won other prizes for essays and school work. But he is good at other things, too—the things out-of-door boys like. Witness his affection for his armament, the equipment for many a hunt through the woods of the Naugatuck valley in Connecticut

explore nightly, the wide ranges of the best literature of the world, from collections of fairy tales to translations of the classics. They live in the world of books, and their neighbors are the great characters of all ages.

It was in this environment that Joseph produced a eulogy of Christopher Columbus that amazed a committee of the Bridgeport College Club which was judging compositions submitted by pupils of the whole city. Writing in dactylic hexameter, Joseph produced a stirring tale of the discovery of America, so rich with its background of Genoa's harbor and historical allusions that the judges scented plagiarism

and checked up on his sources before conceding that the remarkable composition was all his own.

The same skill in writing and width of background enabled him to win first prize in a statewide essay contest conducted by the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames of America. He wrote on the subject, "Noted Women of the Colonies and Their Influence."

He has won other prizes in Bridgeport and Connecticut essay contests. He was bound to rank high when he entered the Legion's national essay competition. If this description of his accomplishments suggests the boy bookworm, it is unjust to young Mr. Giandonato. Joseph is gifted with more than a knack of absorbing facts and fancies by mere literary browsing. He has set for himself the goal of his future life's work in American history and literature and he thinks he may some day teach these subjects. He plans to take an academic course at the University of Pennsylvania after he is graduated from the Bridgeport high school next month. The American Legion scholarship award of \$250 has made certain that his dream of college will come true. He had planned to work during his first college year in order to meet his

expenses, and he still expects to do this. He is going to make that \$250 go as far as it will.

Joseph has a hobby and habit of making pilgrimages to those places in New England which are the scenes of important happenings in early American history. With the true historian's passion for personal investigation, he travels over Revolutionary battlegrounds and studies the relics in the museums. In the zeal of his searchings he recalls the boyhood of one of the greatest Americans of today, an inquisitive, undaunted youngster out of Holland who became a great editor because he had both vision and determination. This man has written about himself in "The Americanization of Edward Bok." It isn't safe to risk prophecies upon the future of a seventeen-year-old boy. But we have a hunch that destiny, god-father to us all, will be good to Joseph Giandonato.

And if Joseph himself lives up to what he said in his prize-winning essay, his should be a worth-while future. For in the very first line of his essay he wrote: "Noblest and highest of all the ideals of life is true service."





# Your Home Town

## The New Swimming Hole



By Harold S. Bутtenheim

Editor, The American City Magazine

**W**HETHER because our remote ancestors were jelly fish or because of aquatic tendencies acquired from other sources, water, fresh or salt, draws the human of today like a magnet. The small boy has the instinct so strong that he seems capable of smelling out a swimming hole in the most unlikely landscape. He defies even the paved streets of the city and locates an unguarded fountain with unerring instinct. That suggests a story told by Judge Lindsay, the "kids' judge." Some boys were arraigned before him in the Juvenile Court of Denver for swimming in what they naturally discerned as a swimming hole but, instead of arraigning the boys, the judge arraigned the city and stated for publication that if the city did not provide a swimming hole for those kids he



The swimming hole at Middletown, Ohio, before and after immersion

was going to send them to swim in the fountain. This is just preliminary to the gratifying tale of a city that recognized the common human need of a place to swim in and, not having been born with a swimming hole, made one.<sup>a</sup> This city is Middletown, Ohio.

The first important point is that Middletown's swimming hole didn't make itself. It got made, as is usually the case, because someone had vision enough to see it and agitate it as a possibility, and because, in this instance, the people of Middletown were public-spirited enough to back the idea and furnish the necessary help to give it form and substance.

Two men were directly responsible for putting life into an idea that had long lain dormant in this city. These were the city manager, Kenyon Rid-

dle, and Leigh E. Burdick, reporter for the *Middletown Journal*. They located a spot, an ideal spot, where nature was equipped to lend a hand in making that swimming hole beautiful as well as useful. The evening of the same day the *Journal* came out with a human-interest story telling of the need of a new pool, suggesting the ideal spot and hinting that the campaign for the pool was about to be launched. There is no doubt that the enthusiasm with which the project was received by the people was greatly increased by the fact that the pool was not to be, as is too often the case, a "concrete bath-tub set in a glare of gravel." The site provided for a portion of the pool has a high bank, while a part of it is bordered with fine trees, some of them large willows

with their branches dipping down into the water, and another part of the pool has a ledge of rocks projecting over the water and extending above the walls.

Within thirty days of the time Mr. Riddle and Mr. Burdick selected the site, three hundred happy kids and almost as many grown-ups were celebrating—in the water—the gala opening day of Middletown's swimming pool. What did it look like when it was finished? What did it cost to construct? And what does it cost to run it? These are important questions for other cities that may want to go and do likewise.

The pool, built of one part cement to four parts mineral aggregate, averages eight inches in thickness. It is reinforced horizontally and vertically, and the floor is composed of reinforced concrete, using a triangular mesh. The main pool is two hundred and seventy feet long and forty feet wide, varying in depth from three to seven and one half feet. The walls are sloping and irregular. The pool's capacity is 410,000 gallons, and it can be filled in ten hours and emptied in one hour. The main pool is divided from a smaller pool, used as a wading pool for the little folk, by a partition dam over which a rustic bridge has been constructed. The smaller pool is thirty feet wide by eighty feet long and has a depth of from six to eighteen inches. It is filled from the overflow of the larger pool, and this overflow furnishes an opportunity for scenic effects in the creation of cataracts and gold fish pools. Ferns and other plants with a liking for moist conditions are grown along the dif-

(Continued on page 26)



# Keeping Step with the Legion

Address all communications to this department to The Step Keeper, National Headquarters Bureau, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana



## Making the Big Ones

**H**OW to make a little post a big one in accomplishment? Question asked by the Step Keeper sometime ago. Here's one of the best replies seen to date, from W. H. Anderson, a member of the Utah department executive committee and a member of Moroni Kleinman Post of Tonquerville, Utah:

First, I live in Washington County, Utah, just 350 miles from department headquarters and seventy-two miles from a railroad. The county is sparsely settled and no town larger than 2,500 people. Farming and live stock is the chief industry. My town has about four hundred people, but like most country towns the people are big-hearted and broad-minded. Four years ago we wanted to organize a Legion post here. Six of us ex-service men met to see how we could get enough members. We found the town had had twenty-four service men, but many had left town and were scattered over three States. In the meantime state headquarters had offered a prize of \$25 for the first hundred percent post in any town. So I started after members and the hundred percent figure. Every ex-service man in town signed up, totaling eleven, if I remember rightly. Then I took the list. One of the fellows was in Idaho, so I went to his parents and put it this way: "Now, George, your son was with us in the World War. We want to start a hundred percent Legion Post here. We want you to sign for him. Give me his dues, I'll give you his membership card, you send it to him and if he doesn't return his dues to you or doesn't want to be a member of this post for any reason I will pay you your money back out of my own pocket."

And I have never yet had a failure and have never yet had a come-back for the dues. I have also found when I was starting a post or trying to get new members, I would go to their churches and get permission to speak on the Legion and its purposes for a half hour, and many a time I have had old fathers and mothers afterward come and shake my hand and say, "I want you to sign my son up" and "I wish we could join your Post."

Not long ago departmental headquarters sent me to two small towns about thirty miles from here to get a post started. There were only fifteen ex-service men in the two towns. In the first town I got two ex-service men in the car with me and I told them my plan of getting the dues from the ex-service men folks that were away. We started at one end of the town and they laughed and told me all the talking in the world wouldn't get any money from three or four families. But I got it from every one I went after, and that same afternoon I had got nine members toward a new post. The others

were promised in a day or so. And only two out of these nine men had ever heard of the Legion or how it worked or what it was for.

When I go to a new prospect I inquire about his business and his family and discuss his work. Let him know you have no selfish motives. Get his friendship and you have got his membership.

And while I was an officer of this post for almost four years, on renewals I would go to them like this: "Now, Bill, we know you are a little hard run and we also know you want to be with the bunch again this year. So the post is going to lend you your dues and you can pay the post back when you wish." We never had a failure that way.

Don't think I haven't run up against hard-boiled ones. But with a good, pleasant, convincing talk, they will always be your best Legion workers.

I fully believe that all smaller posts could get hundred percent membership like this post. If ex-service men were approached in the proper way, the Legion would have one hundred percent more members.

## It's In the Air

**P**ROPHECIES of the day when every American Legion post will have its radiophone and communion of thought will be marvelously facilitated by the Legion's national and state broadcasting stations are now commonplace. Post after post reports new and novel uses of the wireless. National and departmental officials are constantly addressing Legion audiences scattered over thousands of square miles. Minnesota is one of the States in which the Legion is doing missionary work in the air. The posts of Minnesota have all been stirred by the example of Northfield Post, which uses the radio to spread the gospel of the Legion. Here's what the post has to say about it:

During the wildest weather of the winter, with the State and the entire North-west stormbound by the worst blizzard of several seasons, Northfield Post presented a radio program which was heard in nearly every State of the Union and in several Canadian provinces. It was sent out from radiophone broadcasting station WCAL, operated by the department of physics at St. Olaf College, Northfield.

To further the campaign for new members, Father D. J. Moran of Farmington, third district commander, addressed his message in particular to Minnesota Legionnaires, pleading for increased activity and showing how the strength of the Legion lay in its unity of purpose.

Though the severity of the storm completely blocked all roads and made his presence impossible, Dr. William Maertz,

mayor of New Prague, Minnesota, was represented by his speech on "The Legion and the Future," which was read for him by one of those present. Musical numbers provided by members of Northfield Post were so popular that encores were demanded by distant listeners. Assembly and Taps were sounded by the post bugler.

Numerous reports from near and distant points indicated the complete success of the program. It was heard in Indianapolis, Atlanta, Toronto, Philadelphia, and other cities all over the United States. Most of the posts of the third district held special listening-in sessions to hear their commander.

## What the Moths Have Done

**I**T's pretty close to Memorial Day now to discuss plans for the day, but maybe lack of plans won't come amiss. Anyway, the following from Frank B. Parkman, vice-commander of Archie Tackershire Post of Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, also deals with another subject which has been touched on in these columns before—a uniform for Legionnaires. Who can answer his questions?

Our old draw-back, for a good line of ex-service men on Memorial Day, is with us again. The old excuse, "I haven't a uniform," keeps the buddies out of formation. The G. A. R. members all wore ribbon badges on their civilian coats when they marched to the cemetery, or on other patriotic occasions. We have to have some mark of distinction; why not a badge, such as the civil war veterans wore or wear today? Is the victory medal supposed to be worn that way? If not, why can't the Legion adopt some mark of distinction beside the O. D. uniform? Nowadays every Tom, Dick and Harry wears the same uniform we wore while in service; the uniform is not a mark of distinction any more. If you have room in your column will you please answer or ask the buddies to answer?

## Here's an Idea

**P**OST Commander C. H. Richardson of Perry Post, Sandusky, Ohio, uses just that heading in a letter to the Step Keeper. And he beats the head. He sends many ideas. Here they are:

Our post has added up-to-date office equipment by buying an Addressograph for \$55 and a Duplicator for \$30. Plates have been secured of the names and addresses of all ex-service men in the city. When the post wants to run off a notice to its members or to non-members it can do so in a very few minutes with this equipment. It cuts down the printing bill



enormously. This post recommends such an installation in all posts.

Here's another idea. Get your newspaper to run a notice of Legion meetings along with the fraternal orders' notices. Another: Our post has presented each past commander with a badge. Another: Buffet luncheons don't cost much, but they go big with the members. I believe the boys prefer them to regular banquets.

## A Matter of Record

NEW YORK City can settle this quarrel by itself, although the Step Keeper feels that in justice to both outfits he ought to tell what the quarrel is:

March 30th this page said that Post No. 9 of New York City (the adjutant said it) was the first post to call together its members by radio telephone. Now comes Guynemer Post of New York, composed of air service and radio service veterans, to say that it broadcast meeting announcements in 1919, long before there were any commercial broadcasting companies such as WHN, which was used by Post No. 9.

## Card-Index Legionism

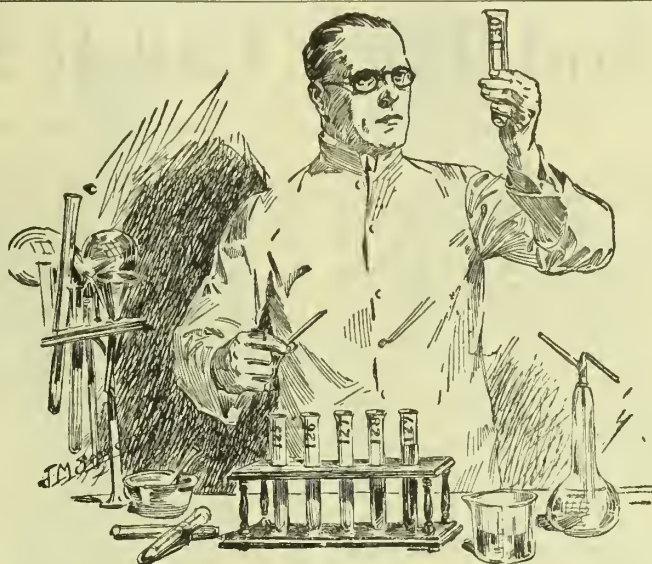
HERE'S an offering from a recent bulletin of the Department of California:

Modesto Post has inaugurated a card system. Each member is given a card printed out in numbers. Every time the member attends a meeting his card is punched so many points. When he gets a new member his card is punched again so many points, and in turn everything that the member does for the post scores him so many points. At the end of three months prizes are given the members having the highest scores. Try it, comrades, it should create a lot of interest.

## Weekly Racing Form

Arizona passed Idaho by the barest fraction in the Weekly subscription card race during the week ending May 2d, but both departments have a hard row to hoe to catch up with Georgia. Thirty-three departments now register more than 70 percent of their 1922 total, and several are creeping close to the 100 mark. The standing of departments on May 2d in proportion of 1923 cards received to total 1922 membership, and their standing on the same date in 1922 based on the 1921 totals, follows:

1923		1922	1923		1922
1	Georgia	19	25	Wisconsin	14
2	Arizona	45	26	Alabama	24
3	Idaho	36	27	North Dakota	20
4	S. Carolina	27	28	Penna.	15
5	S. Dakota	25	29	Tennessee	26
6	New York	41	30	Ohio	17
7	N. Hampshire	31	31	Texas	29
8	Nebraska	10	32	Connecticut	46
9	Kansas	28	33	Kentucky	22
10	New Jersey	47	34	Massachusetts	44
11	Arkansas	3	35	Delaware	49
12	Nevada	11	36	Oklahoma	4
13	Rhode Island	18	37	Virginia	33
14	Iowa	12	38	Mississippi	13
15	Illinois	37	39	Montana	35
16	Washington	48	40	Michigan	34
17	Maine	30	41	N. Carolina	8
18	Utah	5	42	Maryland	38
19	Minnesota	16	43	Oregon	21
20	Vermont	6	44	Wyoming	7
21	W. Virginia	42	45	Florida	1
22	Indiana	23	46	D. of C.	32
23	California	43	47	Missouri	2
24	Colorado	40	48	New Mexico	9
		49	Louisiana	39	



# Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth  
—all late discoveries

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

All old methods proved inadequate. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

## The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

## Much left intact

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those

methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

## Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

## Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere—teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Cut out the coupon now.

## Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

## The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free <sup>1159</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 981, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



# And They Call It San Francisco

(Continued from page 6)

more enduring infamy. Its dives (though not its Hell Kitchens of blood and knockout drops) rose again after the cleansing fire of 1906; but the scandal of ever increasing slumming crowds that elbowed thirsty sailors and painted harridans from its dancing floors was too much to be endured, so it died even before the Volstead Act was born.

These are sinister things that sought the convenient shadows of San Francisco slopes, but there are to be found in the folds of our hillside sudden surprises of beauty, exuberant, quaint, provocative, exotic and (we like to think) distinctively San Franciscan. Seen from Twin Peaks, the lesser crests below charm the eye with rising and falling lines of roofs, pink and yellow, red and white and green. You think of Spanish scarves tossed down in the graceful abandon of fiesta time.

But you must not think only of Spain. At sea-level San Francisco is one hundred percent American, but on her hills she is cosmopolitan. In the indentations of Bernal Heights there are many Russians who still bless themselves and call Petrograd St. Petersburg. Amid the sedate homes of comfortable clerks and tradesmen congested on the Mission Hills the Hindus set up their printing press for another Indian Mutiny in the trying days of 1914. The Greeks have not succeeded in making an Acropolis of Rincon Hill, but they swarm in its environs, blazoning their coffee houses and printing shops with high-sounding signs in the language of Homer and Venizelos.

IN the precipitous approaches to Telegraph Hill there are Mexicans and Porto Ricans, but the hill itself (from which in the days of Forty-Nine the approach of the clipper ships was signaled) is the eyrie of serious young men and women who speak many tongues but who paint and etch and worry clay in the universal language. This is our Montmartre. Out of its studios has come a Quatzarts Ball that is not entirely an imitation. There are more studios on Russian Hill, also (not to be despised) the ample homes of patrons of the arts. In the hollows of these hills lies Little Italy, more Naples than Rome, with a teeming street life on sunny days, with more bambinos to a block than Raphael Sanzio ever painted, and with restaurants named after Italian poets and Italian operas where the spaghetti is a poem in prose, the sand-dab from Fishermen's Wharf a perfect lyric, and the zabaglione (still somehow retaining its flavor of Marsala and Maraschino brandy) sings "Stride la Vampa" in the brain.

Here, too, are pensions with modest tables d'hôte where Spaniards can be induced to speak at times of the leagues of land their great-grandfathers held before the gringo came, and where Basques make merry very gravely when they come to San Francisco from the sheep ranges of Nevada, the wages of a year burning holes in their leather

pouches. On the slopes east and west of Fillmore Street is Little Nippon, to which the quiet, hard-working brown brothers annex block after block, driving the white men out. Finally, to close this circle of the San Francisco hills, there is Lone Mountain, a hill of cemeteries in the heart of the residence district, whose huge cross the sailors sight far out at sea, and where (but it will be quite by accident) you may find the grave of the poet who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Descending from the hills, one comes to closer grips with the city's story. The town of Forty-Nine hugged the northern point of a wide shallow cove, climbing slowly over the chaparral of the sandhills to the west and south. The gold-mad crews deserted from the ships of the Argonauts, and these either rotted at the wharves or did duty as warehouses or hotels. By degrees the cove was filled in, and on this "made ground" the skyscrapers of the lower business section now stand, their foundations anchored to piles driven through the mud to hardpan.

BUT there was a well defined period of our annals "when the water came up to Montgomery street." This was a stirring time of many constructive activities, a time too of much extravagance and devil-may-care. It was a time when impresarios who rightly judged the sound taste of an extraordinary public brought Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Forrest, Adah Isaacs Mencken, Anna Bishop, Lola Montez, George Francis Train and Artemus Ward to entertain fashionable throngs in satin stock and crinoline; when two-bits was as the penny of today, and nuggets and coined gold were flung across the footlights at little dancing Lotta; when fortunes changed hands every night at the roulette tables of the El Dorado and the Tontine, and gentlemen settled their differences with pearl-handled derringers; when great chefs deserted Paris for a mushroom town at the world's end, laying the foundation for a gastronomic distinction that endures still; and when the overland stages and the pony express riders arrived amid universal acclamation with tales of hairbreadth escape from the Apaches and the Indians of the plains.

Came a time when the water went back from Montgomery street, but all other things flowed thither, schemes of lawful and unlawful gain, the daring enterprises, throbbing passions and bold intrigues of a rich young community built by the most remarkable aggregation of young men ever assembled. Pioneers we call them; they would have been proconsuls in ancient Rome, they would have carved out principalities for themselves in the First Crusade. For years Montgomery street dominated San Francisco.

Consider some who walked its wooden pavement. William Tecumseh Sherman. David G. Farragut. Fremont the Pathfinder. Kit Carson. United States Senator Broderick, whose death on the field of honor extinguished duel-

ing in California. Thomas Starr King who, more than any other, saved California to the Union. William Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," finding here in plenty the material of which filibusteros are made. The Big Four of the Nevada Comstock—Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien. The Big Four of the first transcontinental railroad—Huntington, Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins. William T. Coleman, the lion-hearted leader of two Vigilance Committees. James King of William, the fearless editor, who was shot down on this very street, his murderer getting hempen justice from the Vigilantes. William C. Ralston, who built the Bank of California and the Palace Hotel. Bret Harte, exquisitely dressed, a poem in his pocket, on his way to work at the Mint. A man with a drawl—Mark Twain. A lean young actor thirsting for fame, named Edwin Booth. A very lean young writer with burning eyes, named Robert Louis Stevenson. A gas inspector with a new theory of taxation, named Henry George.

"It is an odd thing," wrote Oscar Wilde, "but everyone is said to be seen at San Francisco. It must be a delightful city, and possess all the attractions of the next world." But all these just named were more than passers-by; they were not merely seen here, they played a substantial part in the growing life of the city.

It was Stevenson who discovered the fiction value of Kearny Street, but it remained for Kipling to name it "the street of adventure." In the old Spanish plaza (where the Stars and Stripes replaced the flag of Mexico in '46) Stevenson chatted with miners and ancient mariners in the intervals of grinding work in his Bush Street room. He is remembered there with a little bronze galleon surmounting a granite block, the first monument ever erected to his memory.

STRANGE tides of humanity still wash their flotsam and jetsam to the Plaza, as in Stevenson's and Kipling's time; but for to-day's "street of adventure" you must go south from Kearny, past Lotta's Fountain and the flower vendors that remind Londoners of St. Martin's in the Fields, across Market Street to Third and its tributary alleys. You are in Queer Street. The denizens of the flop-houses, men of the sea who have worn out their welcome on the water-front, panhandlers, pickpockets, the patched and down-at-heel, hop-heads, eccentrics, all the hopeless and the discouraged turn into Third Street for their aimless pasear and for such mischief as opportunity may present.

Montgomery, Kearny, Third, "stony-hearted California Street," sophisticated Powell, heart of the hotel, theatre and club district—each of these has a character seemingly ineffaceable, since the fire of 1906 could not consume it. "The page written by the inhabitants of San Francisco on the moving ashes of their dead city is not one that any wind will ever blow away," said Jean Jules Jusserand. But with due



respect to the French ambassador, it was not a dead city, and the new page was written in a live old book. New skylines and new façades came with the rehabilitated city, but in essence the streets remained the same. Stroll along Market Street. Its shops are more pretentious than before, four nerve-racking lines of electric cars shuttle up and down its midst, but the street is the same as it was years ago. Even the disappearance of the de luxe saloons has not greatly altered this thoroughfare, once the main artery of a "cocktail route" that was known around the world. Its throngs have not changed. Volatile, good-humored, full of affairs but never too busy to stop and pass the time of day, the man of Market Street is a flaneur, and the woman of Market Street—well, she is worth a second look. She is a pedestrian shopper, and lacks the freezing reserve of her no whit handsomer sister who shops by limousine in the modish streets just north of Market.

Such is the competition for retail shop frontages on Market Street that rents are very high, and business is expanding westward by leaps and bounds, stepping on the heels of the motion picture and vaudeville theatres. Market Street business, our "realtors" proudly announce, has almost reached the Civic Center. The remark must not be misinterpreted. We have long enjoyed a business administration in the Civic Center. True, our City Hall has had a bad name. Dennis Kearny and his sandlot invective did us much harm abroad and no good at home. We should like to forget the Ruef regime. But today we can point with tolerable pride.

Fifty years ago men of fine vision made the beginning of a park system platted on a scale that most generously considered the future. We pride ourselves on the healthy impulse no less than on the climate that sends us so much out of doors. We forget the grandfathers who flung at our feet the grass carpet and raised over our heads the evergreen awnings of Golden Gate Park, luring us through a wonderland to the clean sands of the Pacific.

However implanted, this love of the open air is very strong in San Francisco. There are seven golf courses within our narrow city limits. The technique and the costume of hiking were invented by San Francisco youngsters who cross the Bay every week-end to Mount Tamalpais, Niles Canyon and the Berkeley hills behind the University of California. Our motorists are perpetually whizzing down the King's Highway to inhale the fragrance of the blossom-laden Santa Clara Valley. The nights are cool—not too cold for huge street crowds on New Year's Eve, during the Portola Festival, or when Tetrzzini ("our Luisa") sings Yuletide songs at Lotta's Fountain—but cool enough to inhibit open-air café service, the single advantage which "the Paris of America" envies "the San Francisco of France."

There are more than five hundred thousand San Franciscans, according to the last census, of whom very, very few dislike the fog that sometimes bothers our visitors. The summer winds are another matter; there is health in them, but also irritation. It is perhaps a good thing for San Franciscans to be irritated at intervals. We receive and assimilate much fulsome praise. We



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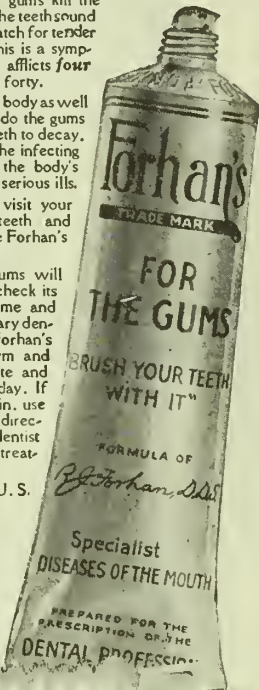
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are a shade too self-satisfied. Bret Harte called us "serene, indifferent of fate," but that was fifty years ago. Nowadays, having built a city on ashes and a World's Fair on faith (which was justified), we are restive and would compel fate if we could. But powerful influences keep us within reasonable bounds. Los Angeles moves so fast in population. The Federal Government moves so slowly in giving us the things we want, including a solution of the Japanese problem. All this checks our heady recklessness.

We make a great deal of noise, there is no denying that. To give us our due, we make a good deal of it (as in our anti-Japanese agitation) on behalf of

the binterland with which we are learning to co-operate, the great rich valley of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. No doubt we have always been noisy. "A roaring city," Stevenson called San Francisco. It roars no more. Our present noises are the clang of traffic, the jingle of bank clearings, the hum of industry, the racket of politics and the boom-boom of boosting. We are being subdued to the commonplaces of vociferousness. As yet we have not lost all the old exuberance; perhaps we never shall. But we live more soberly, accepting a number of prohibitions of which our pioneer fathers never dreamed and to which we yield a half-hearted allegiance.

## "M'seer Sharley"

(Continued from page 4)

as the major's adjutant sought me out anxiously.

"Major Conroy has disappeared," he said. "I've hunted all day and I can't find a trace of him. Usually it wouldn't worry me. I'd think he was off on business somewhere. But lately he's been acting queer, a little touchy, you know, and soaked up pretty much of the time on liquor. I think we'd better hunt him."

After a night's search by the military police with no trace of the commander of the Railway Escort Battalion, we wired the headquarters of the D. C. I. in Chaumont, asking that a telegram be relayed through all the district offices.

"Apprehend Major George Conroy, age forty-seven, six feet tall, ruddy complexion, light gray curly hair, scar extending from lower tip of left ear to left edge of upper lip, smooth shaven, broad shouldered, good carriage, wears Distinguished Service Medal, Cuban, Philippine and Mexican service ribbons, speaks no French. Hold and notify."

So much for the major. To spend more time locating a mysteriously absent officer whose military record proved that he usually was able to take care of himself was a long departure, apparently, from detection of the St. Nazaire and X freight car thieves. I was much more interested in the Negro.

With the French police I called at Mr. Sharley Baker's pretentious residence. An obliging Frenchwoman answered the door.

Civilian Baker, it developed, paid her generously for a suite of second-floor rooms.

"But, monsieur," she said mournfully, "that joli garçon has left. I am lonely. He was tres gentil!"

"Left?" I exclaimed. "When?" This was curious. It seemed everyone of interest in X was leaving.

"Tuesday morning he went," the Frenchwoman responded, "pff! like that! Just one or two things he took. He will be back. A white officer came at daylight. They went away in a big hurry together."

A white officer! The French police looked uninterested.

"Where did he go?" I asked. "Didn't he tell you?"

"Oh, yes," the landlady admitted. "He said he goes to Paris, vite! President Veelson calls him to the peace conference."

When I returned hurriedly to the office of the M.P. a telegram awaited me.

"Major George Conroy arrested in Montmartre hotel drunk. Denies he is wanted in X."

It was signed by Captain Keith of the D. C. I. in Paris.

Thinking of Baker and the white officer with whom he had departed hurriedly, and remembering that Major Conroy had not been seen since he read my note in which I told him of the suspicious Negro, I took a chance and wired Paris in return: "Hold Conroy."

But where were the freight car thieves?

There still remained in X one ally with whom I had not communicated. He was a D. C. I. operator made known to me by Captain Slayton in St. Nazaire. Posing as a marine in Major Conroy's own battalion of guards, he was trying to solve the railway thefts from the inside.

I located him in the freight yards. Corporal Eddy was his name—a slender, dark, curly-haired boy from Boston who professed to have powers as a hypnotist. In any event he was a fine detective.

"I have discovered one possible clue, captain," he related cautiously. "I've been waiting all day for a chance to get in touch with Captain Slayton and tell him. Over here in Warehouse 11 a group of sergeants are acting mighty suspiciously."

I asked for particulars.

"Warehouse 11," Corporal Eddy explained, "is over some distance from the other buildings. It's used just as sleeping quarters for some of the sergeants. The queer thing is, there's no guard posted, but whenever I can get anywhere near it a young sergeant of the guard orders me away. It's supposed to be empty. I believe there are supplies in it."

"You suspect the sergeants are stealing?" I asked.

"They're doing something queer," Corporal Eddy responded. "I'm not sure what."

With two military police, Corporal Eddy and I approached Warehouse 11 that evening at dusk.

A young, good-looking, well-fed sergeant of Marines stopped us.

"Better walk the other way," he ordered. "This is restricted territory."

An M. P. summoned the lieutenant of the guard. I showed him my credentials and told him I wanted to look at the warehouse. He was astonished.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," he answered.



In the warehouse we found two other sergeants of Marines and a number of French peddlers. Piled around the walls were samples of the stolen freight—soap, hobnailed shoes, sugar, tarpaulins, slickers, drums of aviation oil.

The sergeants, after the lieutenant had disarmed them, refused to talk; the frightened peddlers were more communicative. To Corporal Eddy, who spoke French, they admitted that they came to Warehouse 11 daily to buy "salvaged goods."

"We do not steal," they protested. "See, we buy with good money. Then we sell out in the country."

When Corporal Eddy asked who had introduced them to such a fine money-making scheme they answered readily: "M'seer Sharley Baker."

We confronted the three sergeants with the hucksters' story. They confessed, and named as their masters the colored "millionaire" and Major George Conroy.

The plot was simple.

Warehouse 11, supposedly empty, stood by a railway siding. When the loaded freight cars were shunted on to that track before departing, ironically enough, under the major's own guards for Paris and Coblenz, the three sergeants whom he hired jumped aboard the train, took from it hastily whatever they wanted, and rolled it into the warehouse. Major Conroy and the Negro appeared daily with a large truck. This they loaded with stolen goods and departed. Whatever money the sergeants could extract on the side from the peddlers was their own.

Under guard, the trio of underlings moved unexpectedly from Warehouse 11 to the guardhouse. They were charged with theft of quartermaster and aviation supplies. When their trial came a few weeks later they pleaded guilty.

But the Major and Baker—here were the real offenders. Confident that the absent commander of the Railway Battalion was safe with the D. C. I. in Paris, I set out hurriedly to find the Negro.

My first communication was with the Central Records Office in Bourges. There I learned, by telegraph, that Charles Baker, private in a colored woodchopping unit, was supposed to have sailed with his regiment for the States. While in France this outfit had worked in a little village near Feurs, in the Department of Orne.

Every deserter returns, sooner or later, to the country he knows. Life is easier for him there. Sometimes, also, there is a girl.

Thursday morning I went to Fleurs. When I reached its neighboring village at noon, all was excitement. Poultry women were talking agitatedly. Children were racing through the street.

I inquired my way to the gendarmerie. There the tumult was louder. Crowds of peasants surrounded the building, nodding their heads and chattering hysterically. An American Negro, one of the troops formerly stationed in the village, had been shot during the night in a fracas over a French girl; just now he had died.

In the gendarmerie I looked at the body. It was that of Charles Baker. He was dressed again in the American uniform; in his pocket were a few francs.

I left the French to bury him, and set out myself for Paris. If confronted with the evidence, Major Conroy might confess.



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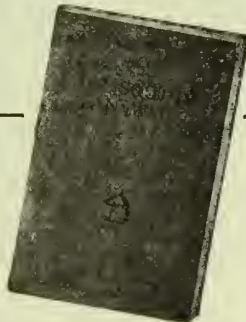
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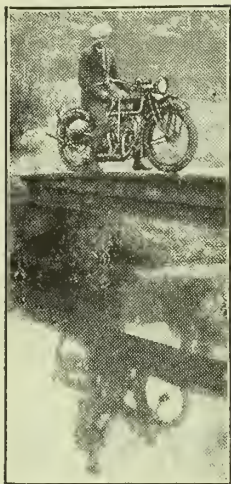
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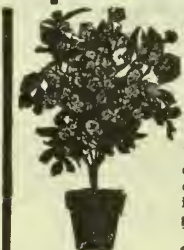
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But Major Conroy never did. His record in active service, his ribbons, his fine military air had served him well in Rue Ste. Anne. He had protested that he was away from X merely on business. Why should the D. C. I. detain him? Undoubtedly, he suggested, it was a case of the wrong man.

On the word of several field officers who were old friends, who guaranteed that Major Conroy would return to headquarters Friday morning, he was released for the night.

But his honor as an officer was not strong enough to bring him back. I explained why he was wanted. Paris went out to get him, and when an American criminal was wanted by the Paris office of the D. C. I. he usually came back to justice.

Major Conroy was missing, but the thefts in X were solved. I departed

at once to Tours, to make my report to General Atterbury's office. Two days later I still had heard nothing from Paris about the whereabouts of the absent commander of the Railway Escort Battalion. I wired.

The answer came next day.

"Major George Conroy," the message read, "shot and killed himself last night in his room in hotel here while operators and French police were battering down the door. He had two francs in his pocket."

And that was the last of the syndicate that robbed the freight cars each night in and near St. Nazaire, and the episode of the major who double-crossed himself came to an end with the Graves Registration Bureau.

Another "Tale of the D. C. I."—"The Masquerader"—will appear in an early issue.

## Would They Do It Again?

(Continued from page 8)

arrival at once, and was liable to a fine of several hundred thousand marks.

He knew the States well, that sergeant. He had been a waiter in New York in 1912. He had fought all through the war; indeed, he allowed I might have given him the scar on his head which he received at Romagne. I hastily disclaimed any responsibility for this, declaring that I had not been at Romagne, but I added that my brother might have given it to him, for he had been there. My sergeant friend then disclosed that he had a brother from Racine, Wisconsin, who had been in the Second Division, A. E. F. Mine had been in the Second Division also.

When I left the station we shook hands. He gave me a pat on the back, and a friendly warning as I left.

"De nex' time, we beat you," he said.

The next time! That is what he was thinking of, and that is what every German is thinking of today. It may not come for five years, ten years, fifty years, but come it will, and critics of French action in the Ruhr might remember this and my police sergeant friend. They might also remember that with the birth rates of the two countries holding the same ratio they do now, the population of Germany will be double that of France in 1935. The Germans are not unaware of this fact.

This one hope, this one look ahead is about all the Germans have at present. For if the French are the most unlucky nation among the conquerors, the Germans certainly occupy position in the league of the vanquished. Even Austria, dismembered and bankrupt, is in a better state than Germany, where prices are rising so rapidly that no one can keep track of them. In most of the big cities today the dollar and the pound are the unit of currency by which all large transactions are reckoned. When I first went into Germany a new ten thousand mark note was being issued, and I remember that at the railway station at Cologne the cashier in the restaurant refused to take it on the ground that it was so large that it was probably a fake. She had never seen one before. Three weeks later I passed through into Switzerland and my pocket book was full of fifty thousand and one hundred thousand mark notes, by that time common enough everywhere, and

worth in American money two and one-half and five cents respectively.

Just what this inflation means to the average German family can hardly be told in words. For where prices in France have gone up four, six and even ten times, across the Rhine they have gone up several hundred times, and they are still rising. That is the awful thing. A pair of shoes that cost fifty thousand marks today will cost sixty thousand tomorrow. Food prices while I was in Munich went up thirty percent in ten days; then the mark rose in value due to support brought by the buying operations of the government, but instead of acting as a relief and lowering prices this step actually raised them still higher.

Today there exist throughout Germany numerous organizations with different names but with one object in view—revenge upon the French. These organizations are for the most part composed of youths with a backbone of ex-service men who are usually the leaders and organizers. Each member takes an oath, and he lives, hopes and breathes for the day when he can strike. Like my police sergeant friend, they are looking forward with confidence to "de nex' time."

THE case of the average British ex-service man is far different. Only partly is this due to the fact that there is lacking in England the unanimity of opinion which characterizes Germany and France. Where France and Germany are both hopelessly in debt today, England is nearly solvent and is paying out the vast sums which she owes to the United States. But commerce in France and Germany is booming, whereas commerce in England has not since 1920 been more than half flourishing, and most of the time has been stagnant. The unemployment question, never a post-war factor in France and Germany, is serious in England.

Take the case of the average British soldier. I happen to know one who comes close to being it if there is such a thing. He was an assistant foreman in a cotton mill in Manchester before the war—young for the job at twenty-three, too. He enlisted in 1914 with a Lancashire regiment, went out as a duty sergeant in 1915 and served through



the gruelling stalemate of the Somme and in all the worst of it around Ypres. He got back to find living about three times as high as it had been when he left, with his pay barely twice as high, but he struggled along through 1920 until the business crash came the next year and the mills shut down.

He had married during the war, and with his wife and two children he lived for thirty-six weeks on the doles given by the government to men out of work. Not a job anywhere, not a thing for anyone to do; hundreds of others, thousands of others like him walking the streets. His government dole amounted to about three dollars a week; somehow, without a single cent from anyone else, he and his wife managed to exist. The mills started up again for a few months only to close down last winter with the passage of the tariff bill in America. He is still out of work today, still living on the unemployment dole given him by a grateful nation.

Since the Armistice there has scarcely been a week when a million men have not been out of work in England, and the figures have been well over two million most of the time—as many men as the A. E. F. had in France.

On February 13th, when Parliament opened, thousands of unemployed marched in a demonstration parade. I stood on the sidewalk below Trafalgar Square as the procession passed in a cold drizzle. It was the most heart-rending spectacle I have ever seen. Rank after rank they went by, in perfect order, quietly, with no violence or attempts at violence, with hardly a sound except the shuffle of feet and the continual coughing which rose from every line. None wore overcoats despite the cold, and for shoes the majority had bottoms tied on to uppers with string. They had evidently eaten nothing substantial for weeks; they were miserable and wretched and wracked with sickness. But they were orderly.

A few carried red flags, but there were far more eloquent banners in that procession—signs which told more harrowing stories than even the halting steps and the pinched faces of the marchers. "I lost this arm at Bourlon Wood in '17." "We were on the Somme in 1916-17-18." Whole platoons of ex-service men marched together. It was plain that the vast majority of the paraders were men who had answered the call of their country when she needed them. They were not beggars or criminals or worthless or lazy; they were part of the aftermath of war, the economic mutilated, the devastated regions of the British Empire.

What about these men and their thousands of brothers but little more fortunate? Would they go again? Would they stand by and see France overrun by hordes of Russians officered by Germans? Would they watch the complete and final destruction of their former ally? British labor, they say, is pro-German. Is that true?

If being tired of the jealousies and rivalries of the continent, if longing sincerely for peace, a real peace in which the whole of Europe can join, is being pro-German, the labor party in England certainly is. And remember that this party has a much larger element of ex-service men than do American labor unions. But on record for "the prompt restoration of the devastated regions at the expense of Germany" is this group of pro-Germans, and that statement would hardly seem to be favoring Germany very liberally.



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The American Legion Weekly  
627 West 43d Street, New York

But the average labor-party man in England feels that the economic reconstruction of Europe is being held up by the French invasion of the Ruhr, and he realizes only too well that such a delay means months more of unemployment.

Meanwhile England is paying her debt to the United States, though none of the nations of the continent is dreaming of attempting to pay its debt to England. The ex-service man sees this. Through the labor party, which for the first time in history has the second largest representation of any party in Parliament, he can give voice to his feelings in a way he was not able to do formerly. In fact, this party has had a marked influence on British policy in the last few months during the Ruhr crisis, while at the same time it is notable that the British Legion sent

no such message of support to the French government as did The American Legion in the early days of the occupation.

"They'll have to take me next time," said a boy to me in London. I think he meant it when he said it, but somehow I feel that if it came down to a case where the safety of the country were concerned he would be the first to go. British labor and the British ex-service man do not want another war. They want to feel that no selfish interests, no desire for territorial aggrandizement, is asking them to fight. But any nation that can produce men who will fight five years and then come home and starve for four years more without revolting cannot be accused of selfishness if it makes sure of its interests before being dragged into the maelstrom that is the Europe of today.

## Your Home Town

(Continued from page 17)

ferent water courses, and a rustic fence surrounds two sides of the wading pool. Bank roses, shrubs and flowers are grown on the high sloping bank along one side. The rustic idea has been carried out in the construction of the main entrance, checking room, shower room and bath-houses. A sand beach runs the full length of the pool under the shady trees, the sand having been imported from the Great Lakes.

The final cost of the construction, including everything except the site, which was donated by the city, amounted to \$8,000. This was approximately \$600 more than the appropriation originally made from Middletown's "Million Dollar Civic Fund," but the added sum was quickly obtained. The fact that Middletown had such a fund to draw from need not discourage any other city not so blessed. That fund was raised by the civic patriotism of Middletown's citizens, and there is no reason to sup-

pose that citizens of other cities, in their own interest and for the good of their city, will not contribute with equal generosity for the specific purpose of constructing a swimming pool.

When the pool was entirely finished it was turned over to the City Recreation Association for operation and maintenance. A high strong fence runs around the entire property. A small admission fee is charged for those over sixteen, to pay the running expense of sixteen dollars a day when the pool is in operation, including the cost of four dollars a day for the water consumed, which is purchased from the city. In winter the pool is metamorphosed into a skating pond.

It would be difficult to measure the many happy hours this beautiful addition to Middletown has given its citizens. Mentally as well as physically they are better for the opportunity to throw aside care in healthy, happy exercise.

## Rules of Respect for the Flag

REPRESENTATIVES of several hundred organizations have been invited to attend a conference in Washington, D. C., June 14th and 15th at which an effort will be made to codify and simplify the rules of etiquette of the United States flag. The conference has been called by Garland W. Powell, Director of the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion. In inviting other organizations to assist in preparing a set of simple rules which can be remembered easily by children and immigrants and will serve for the guidance of citizens generally, Mr. Powell said:

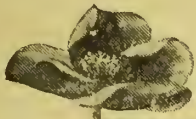
"Nearly every patriotic organization in the United States, as well as the Army and Navy, has compiled and set up rules and regulations governing the Stars and Stripes. The result has been confusion, not only in the minds of the members of the organizations, but also in the minds of American children and aliens who are daily becoming citizens. This confusion causes disrespect and disregard, through lack of knowledge, of the principles and ideals represented by the Stars and Stripes. Many of the rules designed to govern the use of the flag are almost ridicu-

lous, while others serve merely to increase the general confusion. Individuals, innocently enough, have got themselves in trouble through certain misuses of the flag caused by ignorance or misunderstanding. The object of this conference is to discuss thoroughly the principles upon which the etiquette of the flag is based and to decide upon a few simple regulations for adoption of all organizations."

The fact that the subject of flag etiquette is one of increasingly general interest is testified to by the number of inquiries being received by the National Americanism Commission and other organizations. Complaints have come in in large numbers that elemental rules for the respect due the flag have been violated flagrantly in the decoration of halls, in the stringing of flags above streets and in the festooning of buildings. Where such complaints have been investigated it has been found that those who placed the flags improperly were unaware that there were any rules for the display of the flag. In many cities flags have been permitted to remain on buildings day and night, despite the unwritten law that they should invariably be low-



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**Y**OUR Post not only can raise its quota of the Graves Endowment Fund through the sale of Poppies on next Memorial Day, but it can insure effective relief work for at least a year. The true spirit of helpfulness—and the unselfish motive back of the Legion's national Poppy campaign this year demands the support of your entire Post membership.

National Headquarters has procured a quantity of high grade silk poppies made by French disabled men and their dependents. They are of a decidedly superior quality entirely in keeping with the dignity of the Legion. Many varieties of inferior Poppies are being sold by private commercial organizations. **Accept no substitutes.** Any profits derived by National Headquarters from the sale of Poppies will be devoted entirely to service and relief work. **"DON'T BE MISLED—THERE IS ONLY ONE OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEGION POPPY."** They can be secured only from National Headquarters.

If your Post has delayed taking definite action call a special meeting at once. It is not yet too late for your Post to fulfill its obligation to the dead and disabled. Estimate the number of Poppies that will be required and place your order immediately with National Headquarters. Shipment will be made promptly C. O. D. If preferred, your remittance in full can be included with your order.

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ered at sunset and should not be raised before sunrise.

A common cause of confusion has been the respect to be paid by persons watching a parade to the flags that are carried by. Failure of spectators to remove their hats, because they are unaware that this tribute is proper, is observed in many cities.

The conference probably will prepare a tabloid history of the flag, tracing its evolution from the day when the Continental Congress passed a resolution "that the flag of the thirteen States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

## Pouvez-Vous Le Traduire?

La Légion américaine fut fondée pour les raisons suivantes:

"Maintenir et défendre la constitution des Etats-Unis d'Amérique; maintenir la loi et l'ordre; entretenir le 100 0/0 de l'Américanisme; perpétuer les souvenirs et les événements de notre collaboration à la grande guerre; inculquer un sentiment de devoir civique envers la communauté, envers l'Etat et la nation; combattre l'autocratie des classes et des masses; faire primer la force par le droit; encourager la paix et la bonne volonté sur terre; sauvegarder et transmettre à la postérité les principes de justice, de liberté et de démocratie; et consacrer et sanctifier notre camaraderie en nous efforçant à nous aider mutuellement."

**C**OMPRENEZ vous? No, the foregoing is not a greeting from Marshal Foch to The American Legion or a summarized report of the annual convention of the Department of Continental Europe, but the Preamble of the Legion's constitution. With a slight change in the introductory phrase—the omission of "For God and country"—it is the recital of the Legion's principles and purposes, with which all Legionnaires are familiar, as it appeared in *Le Figaro*, a daily newspaper of Paris.

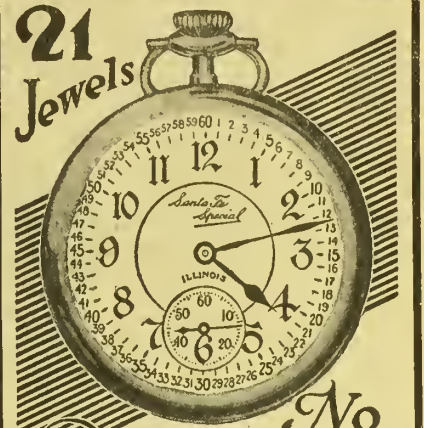
Former A.E.F. tourists in France may find this a good opportunity to brush up their doughboy French. The Preamble appears in English at the head of the Weekly's editorial page.

## Pineapple Post

**E**VER hear of Agricola, Guatemala? If not, you'll probably be hearing about it soon. For Agricola has gathered unto itself a post of The American Legion, or rather a group of American World War veterans in Agricola have gathered together and organized into a post. They are now planning large activities with other Legion posts in Central America. Inasmuch as most of the members are in the fruit business, and their biggest export is pineapples, the new outfit has named itself Pineapple Post.

## Film Service Rights Extended

**T**HE National Film Service of The American Legion is now handling distribution of the film, "The Man Without a Country," in all towns and cities up to 65,000 population. Previously the Film Service had rights for distribution only in communities of less than 45,000 population. Distribution for the larger cities may still be arranged, however, by inquiring of the National Film Service at Indianapolis.



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ALABAMA. MOBILE: Henry Hess, \$1; Fitzhugh Lee Camp, \$5; Kiwanis Club, \$10; BIRMINGHAM: Birmingham Post, \$26.25; John Steven Sewell, \$5; FRUITDALE: Mrs. William Clague, \$2. ARIZONA. WILCOX: Auxiliary to Tenley Lanes Post, \$11; Tucson: Margaret McDermott Post, \$25; DUNCAN: C. A. Spezia, \$3. ARKANSAS. MORO BAY: Mrs. Oliver J. Kidd, \$1; Mrs. J. W. Brundage, \$1; Ft. Smith: Victor Elitz Post, \$10. CALIFORNIA. LOS ANGELES: M. W. Joz, \$11.40; WOODLAND: Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Evans, Jr., \$5; MARTINEZ: Henry A. McNamara Post, \$10; FT. BOWELL: Mary H. Bock, \$2; FT. BRAGG: Auxiliary to Sequoia Post, \$5; TEMPLETON: Templeton Post, \$10; KEENE: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Milbaugh, \$5; CHICO: Chico Post, \$10; MONROVIA: Monrovia Post, \$5; SAN FRANCISCO: Roy Bellah, \$1; Morris E. Webb, \$5; Martin Buelow, \$1.95; DIXON: Dixon Post, \$6.75; VALLEJO: Vallejo Post, \$5.46; CORNING: Rainer Post, \$5; OAKLAND: Oakland Post, \$15; W. E. Barkis, \$1; Fred Kuhnle, \$10; Rev. Mr. Welin, \$5; R. E. Beach, \$5; J. P. Timm, \$1.50; Rosa Sannetto, \$2; Mrs. Christie Davis, \$2.50; Mrs. Ross, \$10; Mrs. M. J. Russell, \$5; Entertainment Committee, Oakland Post, \$5; Luncheon Committee, Oakland Post, \$5; Mrs. Fulkerts, \$1; Mrs. B. A. Bray, \$5; Mrs. Julia J. Hanson, \$5; Mrs. Della DeLush, \$10; Mrs. Louise Tully, \$5; Mrs. Bernadine Rusting, \$2; Mrs. Anna R. Peterson, \$2; Richard Oates, \$10; Mrs. Ruth F. Willis, \$2; Mrs. J. G. Smith, \$2; Joe Spaan, \$1; Jean Hadley, \$1; 40 and 8 Society, Voiture Laale No. 257, \$5; H. S. Lester, \$10; RIVERSIDE: Riverside Post, \$25; ATASCADERO: Harvey R. Cole Post, \$20; DINUBRE: R. H. Gile, \$1; Fresno W. G. Kerr, \$2. CANAL ZONE. BALBOA HEIGHTS: Panama Canal Post, \$30. COLORADO. TELLURIDE: Austin A. Hielt Post, \$10; BOULDER: Claude L. Leonard, \$1; FLAGLER: Nathaniel McBride Post, \$6; BRANSON: Turner Thompson Post, \$1; DENVER: T. Julian Skinker, \$1; Dr. Robert L. Charles, \$5; FITZSIMONS: Carl L. Wedeking, \$2; GUNNISON: Brew Free Post, \$2; CANON CITY: Wray McKinstry Post, \$10. CONNECTICUT. NEW HAVEN: Mary Ida Webster, \$2; Westville Post, \$10.37. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. WASHINGTON: Dr. Arthur H. Kimball, \$5. DELAWARE. WILMINGTON: Anonymous, \$2; John J. Dugan, \$5. FLORIDA. BRADENTOWN: Kirby Stewart Post, \$25; PLANT CITY: Norman McLeod Post, \$70; PRINCETON: Frederick Pfeiffer, \$2. GEORGIA. MILLEN: H. L. Hartell, \$1; REYNOLDS: Reynolds Post, \$3.30; DUBLIN: Laurens County Post, \$2.70. HAWAII. HONOLULU: Edna K. Macfarlane, \$5; J. H. Worrall, \$1; D. K. Wood, \$1; KAUAI: Philip L. Rice, \$5; SCHOFIELD BARBERS: Schofield Post, \$5. IDAHO. ST. MARIES: Benevath Post, \$10; BOISE: Anna Esbensen, \$5; RIGBY: Rivlet Crystal Post, \$10; POCAATELO: A. B. Hicks, \$2.50. ILLINOIS. CHICAGO: Herbert J. Rohr, \$1; Peoples Gas Light and Coke Post, \$15; Frank Cunningham, \$50; George M. Schubert, \$1; Henry L. Kelogg, \$1; Edna Quaid, \$5; Kewanee: Kewanee Post, \$5; CARBONDALE: Donald Forsythe Post, \$10; FRANKLIN GROVES: Altnberg Post, \$5; YALE: Yale Post, \$10; EDWARDSVILLE: Edwardsville Post, \$25; WASHBURN: Washburn Post, \$5; MARISKA: Otto B. Engelmann, \$5; PRINCETON: Princeton Post, \$10; GIRARD: David Hart Post, \$5; MCLEAN: Burger Benedict Post, \$8; SAUNEMIN: Auxiliary to Saunemin Verdun Post, \$8.80; EMBERTON: Flynn Post, \$7; EUSTON: Euston Post, \$40; ALEDO: Fallers Post, \$5; DOLTON: Paul Gall Post, \$5; LILLY: Richard O. Remus, \$1; KIRKWOOD: Gerald W. Norman Post, \$5; PEKIN: 322d Infantry, \$1; Frank W. Percy, \$1; TRENTON: David H. Kraemer, \$1; SAYBROOK: Dr. J. B. Hazel, \$1; HOMEWOOD: Homewood Post, \$10. INDIANA. CONNERSVILLE: Auxiliary to Regional Fisher Post, \$5; NEW ALBANY: Auxiliary to New Albany Post, \$13.20; ELlettsburg: Ellettsburg Post, \$9.16; Sherman Minton, \$3; LOGANSPORT: Cass County Post, \$25; VINCENTS: Auxiliary to Vincennes Post, \$10; SALEM: Cecil Grimes Post, \$15; Auxiliary to Cecil Grimes Post, \$10; War Mothers, \$10; INDIANAPOLIS: Philip F. Ryan, \$2; E. Rowens Burford, \$5; D. W. Ketcham, \$2; Dr. Paul T. Hurt, \$10; Robert C. Spongel, \$2; Auxiliary to Tellivine-Kohle Post, \$10; MCHINNEQUON: Henry H. Holton, \$2; TERRE HUNE: Pride of Boone I. O. F., \$3; Rebecca Lodge, \$3; United Brethren Sunday School, \$4; MUNCIE: Charles W. Weir, \$2; Lucy Ball, \$25; ROCKVILLE: Lowell Primmer, \$5; SHELBYVILLE: Mrs. Lena Deiter, \$5; AKRON: Adolph Merley Post, \$5; GRIFITH: Chauncey D. Walters Post, \$5; LEXINGTON: Claude M. Gladden, \$1. IOWA. DECORAH: J. E. Sessing, \$2; KEOKUK: Keokuk Post, \$10; VALLEY: Mrs. Fred Bates, \$1; RED OAK: Lorain Post, \$10; HAMBURG: Hubert Woodward Post, \$54.55; JEFFERSON: R. L. Gilliland, \$1; WEBSTER CITY: Lacey L. Darnell, \$1; MAPLETON: Loren Hollister Post, \$6.25; ST. ANSGAR: Walter T. Enneberg Post, \$10; NORTH SHARON: Auxiliary to Paul Coffin Post, \$1.75; YALE: William Triple Post, \$3.15; WASHTA: Charles B. Powell, \$5; ROCK RAPIDS: Rex Strait Post, \$5. KANSAS. LAWRENCE: Mrs. E. V. Dorsey, \$5; ENGLEWOOD: Englewood Post, \$4.60; NAVARRE: Sunflower Post, \$4; MOUND VALLEY: Curtis Burris Post, \$9.60; WAMAGO: Harold Johnson Post, \$31.87; DOWNS: Auxiliary to Bottorff Post, \$13.60; BARNES: John Doerr Post, \$6.40; PAWNEE ROCK: Albert O. Tacker Post, \$5; churches, \$7.80; QUINCY: Fink Harvey Post, \$1; FORMOSO: James Marr Post, \$6.80; MERRIAM: Peter Smith Post, \$7.40; COLBY: Ella Kuper Post, \$11.85; PLEASANTON: Linn Post, \$5.80; ENTERPRISE: Merrill Post, \$7; NATOMA: Thomas J. Hogan Post, \$4.60; WILLIAMSBURG: Santee Lea Post, \$7.80; SALTANA: Haskell County Post, \$8; COTTONWOOD FALLS: Claude Newlee Post, \$21.80; GOODLAND: Goodland Post and Auxiliary, \$25; L. W. Varner, \$1; C. L. Ireland, \$1; J. H. Borrer, \$1; R. B. Wamsley, \$1; George Ohrman, \$1; Mrs. Bird Carl, \$1; R. G. McCoskie, \$1; Rev. Luther Moore, \$1; Herbert Hutches, \$1; Walter Kelly, \$1; O. H. Ambergrombie, \$1; T. A. McCants, \$1; T. C. Duell, \$1; C. R. Peterson, \$1; D. E. Soden, \$1; Paul F. Soden, \$1; Jesse L. Teeters, \$1; William Ludwig, \$1; Lloyd F. Yeaton, \$1; A. Zuspenn, \$1; Walter F. Wolff, \$1; Earl M. Bradley, \$1; Dillman W. Blackburn, \$1; John D. Stuart, \$1; H. V. Arndt, \$1; PENALON: Leon H. Iverson, \$1; DOUGLASS: Douglas Post, \$7; WINFIELD: W. B. Brown, \$2; HAVEN: Van Campen Sandhagen Post, \$5; CLEARWATER: Ernest Gordon Post, \$7.80; LACROSSE: G. A. Schwartzkopf, \$1; NORTON: Harmonson Redd Post, \$10; CANEY: Ernest Brown Post, \$25; ATCHISON: Fleming Jackson Seeger Post, \$10; Mrs. John A. Martin, \$1; Harres Martin, \$1;

DODGE CITY: Auxiliary to Charles Earnest Scott, \$25; St. JOHN: Auxiliary to Post \$3, \$10. KENTUCKY. LOUISVILLE: William L. Price, \$2; BARDWELL: Capt. John T. Davis Post, \$15. LOUISIANA. ALEXANDRIA: Camp Stafford Post, \$25; MONROE: L. Barkdull Faulk Post, \$50; CROWLEY: Isaac B. Brossard, \$2.50; NEW ORLEANS: P. L. Jackson, \$5; NEW ROADS: Pointe Coupee Post, \$4. MAINE. WINTER HARBOR: Herbert E. Tracy, \$1; AUGUSTA: Fitzgerald Post, \$25; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Freeman, \$2; LIVERMORE FALLS: R. H. Sturtivant, \$1; LINCOLN: Dr. H. E. Colwell, \$5; RUMFORD: Napoleon Ouellette Post, \$10; BANGOR: Mr. and Mrs. C. B. L. Kimball, \$1; SKOWHEGAN: Walter G. Lessard, \$1. MARYLAND. BALTIMORE: Service Star Legion, \$25; Montauk Post, \$25; U. S. Marines Post, \$25; W. R. Bullen, \$1; A. H. Almond, \$1; Charny Post, \$15. MASSACHUSETTS. SUTTON: Sultan Post, \$10; AMHERST: Auxiliary to Amherst Post, \$5; Amherst Post, \$5; MARBLEHEAD: Marblehead Post, \$25; SANDWICH: Clark Haddad Post, \$5; WEST SPRINGFIELD: West Springfield, \$25; WINCHESTER: Winchester Post, \$15; SOUTH BOSTON: Henry M. MacLeod, \$1; Michael J. Perkins Post, \$13.50; WORCESTER: Guy H. Burnham, \$1; NAHANT: Mortimer G. Robbins Post, \$5; EVERETT: Lieut. Joseph F. Wehner Post, \$5; MERRIMAC: Marion P. Manague, \$5; ROCKPORT: Edward Peterson Post, \$5; SOMERVILLE: Auxiliary to Somerville Post, \$5; ATHOL: W. O. E. Farnum, \$2; NORTH ATTLEBORO: Alfred P. Kilvin, \$2. MICHIGAN. ALPENA: William F. Weine Post, \$25; BENTON HARBOR: Forrest R. Arent, \$2; PALMER: Gordon K. Lindsey, \$1; EAST LANSING: E. S. Smiley, \$1; St. Joseph: Willard J. Banyon, \$10; KALAMAZOO: Jon Goetz, \$2; Mt. PLEASANT: Owen Barrett Post, \$10; H. Edward Deuel, \$1; Mrs. Mary Barrett, \$1; DETROIT: Charles A. Learned Post, \$13; Delbert J. Wilbur, \$1.50; Cadillac Motor Car Company, \$5; Arthur H. Stahlhut, \$5; GALEN: Roy Chilson Post, \$5; St. JOHN: Edwin T. Siler Post, \$25. MINNESOTA. ALDEN: Auxiliary to Post 404, \$5; HANSKA: C. O. Strom, \$1; TRACY: Auxiliary to Earl Ray Post, \$5; CROOKSTON: Robert A. Cash, \$1; COLD SPRINGS: John Sauer, \$1; Peter Roth, \$1; Nick Naks, \$1; P. H. Kray, \$1; M. R. Theisen, \$1; Adams Muggli, \$1; Edna Kessler, \$1; Peter B. Maurer, \$1; P. H. Alexander, \$1; Ferdinand Post, \$1; Gustave Peters, \$1; Albert J. Peters, \$1; Lawrence Wirtzfeld, \$1; Paul M. Wacker, \$1; Joseph Wocken, \$1; Joseph Kueblebeck, \$1; Peter Schafen, \$1; John Danz, \$1; John Oster, \$1; Jacob Sauer, \$1; Paul M. Theisen, \$1; Anton Schellenbach, \$1; John Kizer, \$1; Peter T. Honer, \$1; N. C. Wenner, \$1; Fred V. Stein, \$1; Francis C. Ash, \$1; Arden Muggli, \$1; Edna Kessler, \$1; Peter B. Maurer, \$1; P. H. Alexander, \$1; Ferdinand Post, \$1; Gustave Peters, \$1; Albert J. 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UTAH: LOGAN: Logan Post, \$25; MOENNA: Joseph Koski, \$2.  
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## New Mexico Mounts

OLD MEXICO still has the home departments badly beaten. It has raised 168 percent of its Graves Fund quota; Cuba has raised 112 percent and Canada and the Canal Zone 46 and 26.8 respectively. Standings of departments in the continental United States are:

New Mexico... .888	New Jersey... .065
Virginia .....248	Maine .....063
Michigan .....246	Illinois .....058
S. Carolina... .239	Vermont .....056
Mississippi... .220	Nebraska .....054
Maryland ....207	Oregon .....052
Arizona .....193	Ohio .....048
N. Hampshire..163	Louisiana ... .047
Alabama .....159	Wisconsin ....047
Wyoming .....146	Massachusetts.045
Pennsylvania..135	Georgia .....042
Idaho .....134	Arkansas .....036
Kansas .....133	Texas .....035
Colorado .....122	Minnesota ....032
Florida .....106	Washington ...030
N. Dakota ....105	Connecticut ...029
W. Virginia... .098	Missouri .....029
Indiana .....096	Rhode Island .028
Kentucky .....093	Oklahoma .....027
Montana .....093	Iowa .....026
New York .....090	N. Carolina... .021
California ... .083	Tennessee ....012
Utah .....077	S. Dakota.....011
Delaware .....074	D. C. ....004

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I can make a good penman of you at home during spare time. Write for my book "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens, all Free. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. F. W. TAMPLIN, 428 Ridge Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Just pick out the ring you prefer, give finger size, and send deposit to show your good faith. WE WILL SEND THE RING WITHOUT ANY RED TAPE OR DELAY. DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL. If you return it within 30 days, we will return your money. If satisfied, pay only a few dollars monthly.

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The \$47.00 ring is 18-karat solid white gold, set with beautiful, blue-white, perfectly cut, sparkling brilliant, GENUINE DIAMOND WORTH 50% MORE. The \$49.00 ring is 18-karat solid white gold, engraved with orange blossom design, and set with seven perfectly cut, blue-white, dazzling genuine diamonds, CLUSTERED TOGETHER IN SOLID PLATINUM, looking like a \$600.00 solitaire 1 1/2-carat size.

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**Thomas Mfg. Co. H-5101 Dayton, Ohio**

## The Proposed New Legion G. H. Q.

(Continued from page 9)

olis convention granted Indiana's request, Dr. Keene went back home to help lead the movement for the memorial building.

That movement was attended with many difficulties. The proposal to appropriate five blocks in the city's center, two of them occupied by valuable commercial buildings, hotels and apartment houses and one possessed by a state institution, was not one to win favor either immediately or unanimously. Everyone recognized the artistic possibilities of the proposed plaza. At the south end of the site stood the Federal Building, a handsome structure of recent construction. At the north end stands the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Library. Between these two buildings were the five blocks to be acquired. Fortunately, the squares in this tract immediately adjoining both the Federal building and the library were parks, narrowing the problem to the three central blocks. The block containing the state institution for the blind offered no real obstacle, for the buildings here were very old and a removal of the institution to an outlying or suburban area was desirable on many counts.

Real opposition developed among the owners of the valuable properties in the remaining two blocks. The buildings in these two blocks were large and many of them comparatively modern, the lots on which they stood were valuable and promised to increase in value tremendously as Indianapolis continued to grow. Included among them were a six-story brick and concrete hotel, the large offices of a nationally-known publishing corporation, two modern church buildings, buildings occupied by a number of clubs and fraternal organizations, the central office of a life insurance company, two large apartment houses, and business structures fronting on two blocks of Meridian Street, the main motor highway of the city, leading from the down-town district to the most important residential section to the north.

The State Legislature enacted the law providing for the memorial plaza and building in July, 1920. A board of thirteen trustees was appointed, and an architectural advisor was selected in November, 1921. Meanwhile negotiations with owners of property had resulted in a series of deadlocks. A board of appraisal had submitted estimates which owners had contended were too low.

This was the situation when the time for the appraisements for 1922 taxation arrived. It happened that a goodly number of the tax appraisers were World War veterans who were not unacquainted with the high valuations which owners had set upon their properties in the plaza area. It also happened that when these owners inspected the listings of their properties made by the appraisers, they were surprised to find that uniformly they were down for payments in proportion to the valuations they had given to the city as a prospective purchaser. They were not taking the plaza deal very seriously at this time, but they were outraged by the prospect of paying the taxes asked. They rushed to the board of adjustment and demanded that their appraisal figures be cut forthwith.

They were cut, but later, when condemnation proceedings started, these same owners found that their own estimates given the tax board were accepted as the standard—and these estimates were many, many thousands of dollars below the prices they had asked in the first place. It was an expensive deal for the State, even at that. In one of the blocks the cost of the properties was \$1,247,817.50, and the cost was even greater in the other. Marion County shared in these costs along with the State and the city.

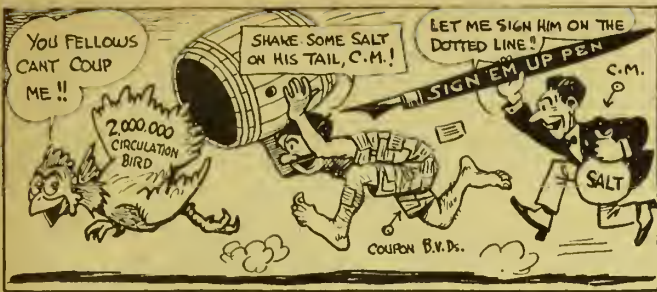
About this time another complication developed. The law authorizing the expenditure of money provided that it should become effective in the absence of the filing of a petition against it bearing a specified number of names. Almost overnight, swarms of solicitors appeared on Indianapolis streets and in office buildings, carrying blank petitions and lead pencils. "Sign here," they said pleasantly, over and over. On a certain day thereafter a great bundle of petitions was presented to a clerk of courts. It looked as if the signatures they bore might total more than the number required to hold up the bond issue. But clerks glancing through the lists were impressed with a similarity in hand writing on many sheets, and curiosity grew stronger when the name of a man dead ten years was found on one sheet. The methods used by the solicitors were investigated and the signatures were checked with the addresses. The result gave the city a good laugh. It was found that a surprisingly large percentage of the names were forgeries. Many of the solicitors, who were paid so much for each name, had apparently taken a census of the city's cemeteries. Others simply had gone through the telephone directories, listing names taken at random. The number of genuine signatures were so small that the petition failed overwhelmingly.

With all obstacles out of the way, the condemnation and purchase proceedings were practically completed before the architectural details of the program were taken up. The total valuation of all the land, including that in the two city parks, was estimated at \$8,000,000, and the law enacted contemplated expenditure of more than \$2,000,000 for the memorial building itself.

Thomas R. Kimball, of Omaha, Nebraska, who had been chosen as architectural advisor, announced the terms of the competition by which the architect of the memorial building should be selected. The competition opened last November and closed April 15th. The drawings submitted by twenty-six individuals and firms were judged by a jury composed of Milton Bennett Medary, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Henry Bacon and Charles Adams Platt of New York City. All drawings were unlabeled.

The first prize and the honor of designing the memorial, accorded to the firm of Walker and Weeks of Cleveland, carried with it a cash consideration of \$120,000, the prize award and the fees for supervising the completion of the building. Paul R. Comstock, chairman of the Indiana War Memorial Board, has estimated that actual construction work will be started before the end of this year and that the building will be completed in 1925.





## Buddy Captures Circulation Bird

**Headquarters—May 18th, 1923.** THE 2,000,000 CIRCULATION BIRD, the prize poultry that has been eluding the grasping paws of the Circulation Manager for nearly a year has at last been confined in the Coop. The wooden waist-coated warrior who achieved this remarkable coup was none other than our own heart-breaker BUDDY IN THE BARREL.

When interviewed by a reporter from the Weekly, Buddy said, "I have been so busy trying to outfit myself and family that I did not realize the fact that this valuable fowl was at large. On talking with the Circulation Manager, I was surprised to learn that the Circulation Bird was loose and that I would be well rewarded for its capture. I could not see how I could benefit by the capture of the Circulation Bird, but was shown by the C. M. The gist of what he told me is that every subscription secured helps increase the advertising revenue of the Weekly. In other words, if I capture the Circulation Bird and made her lay 2,000,000 subscription Eggs, our friends who advertise with us would be glad to give us twice as much money for advertising space as they do now. I figured this as pretty good dope because with 2,000,000 subscription Eggs to hatch, we could easily have a 64-page magazine with a many colored cover and all modern improvements.

"With my trusty weapon in both hands, I set out to hunt the C. B. The Circulation Manager came along and as we approached, the prize poultry ran for cover but with my experience in chasing advertisers, I quickly caught up. Aiming carefully, I gave her the entire contents of the Barrel and bagged my game. I am now getting the Circulation Bird in shape to lay 2,000,000 subscription Eggs. I need a lot of COUPON CORN to get results.

"I am appealing to all my fellow members and friends from the COUPON CLUB to help me cash in on this Bird. What I need is SUBSCRIPTION EGGS and the Circulation Bird has got to be well fed on COUPON CORN before she'll lay."

The entire country will acclaim this brave work on the part of Buddy and every public spirited citizen of Legionville is urged to help reward him.

The coupon this week will supply the CIRCULATION BIRD with one quart of Subscription Egg-laying Coupon Corn. Send in your feed bag full.

Call on one of your friends, your butcher, your baker, your grocer, your druggist, your barber and many others who will all be glad to give you their order for a year's subscription to The American Legion Weekly. It will only cost them \$2.00 for 52 issues.

Help BUDDY IN THE BARREL cash in on his captive. This coupon will be harder to fill than the others you have been sending in but that's all the more interesting.

A coupon a day will make this bird lay—  
Get your friend's order and send it this way.

To Buddy in the Barrel  
627 West 43d Street,  
New York City.

Dear Buddy: Congratulations on your great achievement. Here's my coupon for a feed bag full of subscription Egg-laying corn. I want to see our Weekly have a circulation of 2,000,000 and be the BIGGEST and BEST magazine in the world.

Enclosed is \$2.00 which I have collected for a one year's subscription to The American Legion Weekly. Please send our magazine for 52 weeks to my friend whose name and address is as follows—

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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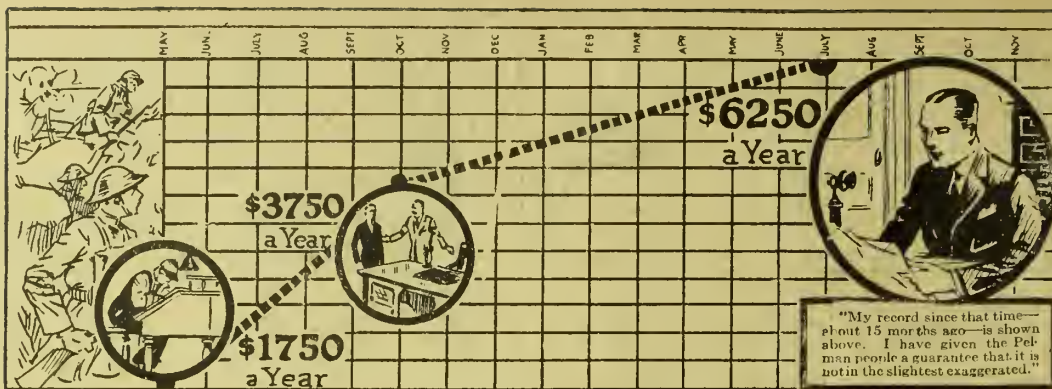
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V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV AND VVVVVV STRIPERS ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSIGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE COUPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIPE IS DUE.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.  
Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY  
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LET'S  
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# From \$1750 to \$6250 PER YEAR in 15 Months

**H**OW would you like to be earning three times your present salary in a year from now?

Perhaps you think it is impossible. To most people even a doubled salary is only a dream. Yet, as a matter of fact, Pelmanism is proving to thousands of people in every walk of life, that big increases in salary are actually *easy* to get, provided certain principles are followed.

As an example, take the following case of a World War veteran who through Pelmanism—and Pelmanism alone—rose from \$1750 to \$6250 a year in the astonishingly short time of fifteen months. Do you suppose he ever expected to more than treble his salary in little over a year? He would have laughed at the suggestion. Yet Pelmanism proved to him that he *could* do it—and easily. Here is his story:

"I am just a plain, ordinary citizen with the average amount of common sense—perhaps that is why my story will appeal the more to the bulk of my readers.

"The story goes back a long way to the days when we were waiting behind Cambrai for the last 'push' which finished the war and threw thousands of young fellows on a cold world.

"I knew of Pelmanism in those days—who, in France didn't? My buddy was a keen Pelmanist and spent hours over the Pelman lessons. I used to kid him about his studying—but that was before I knew what Pelmanism was.

"Anyway, the day came when he got leave, and I was left alone. It was some days later, looking for something, anything, to read I came across George's books on Pelmanism. I read, lightly at first, but gradually my interest grew. Then before I knew it I was giving most of my spare time to Pelmanism.

## The Mysterious Change in Me

"That period of study made a change in me—a change not easy to define. But bluntly, it gave me the energy and determination to prepare for civil life. I knew the war was finishing.

## An Ex-Fighter Tells in His Own Words How Pelmanism Showed Him the Way to Startling Success. Thousands of Others Report Equally Amazing Results from This New Science of Success

I knew I should have to return to civil work—what, I didn't know, and till then I hadn't cared much. But Pelmanism aroused in me a flaming ambition to get on; it gathered together my scattered mind, which had been wandering uncontrolled among the shell holes.

"It was months later before I finally cast off the shackles of militarism, but I came out with the Pelman spirit, the Pelman intent and the 'push' that one acquires through Pelmanism.

"My record since that time—about fifteen months ago—is shown above. I have given the Pelman people a guarantee that it is not in the slightest exaggerated."

## Wonderful Results Everywhere

This war veteran's experience is by no means unusual. Pelmanism has worked veritable wonders for thousands. Cases of quick promotion are countless. Cases of doubled salary in less than six months and trebled salary in less than a year are by no means out of the ordinary.

Here are just a few extracts from letters of Pelmanists. They are typical of the thousands of letters now in the files of the Pelman Institute:

"From a salary of \$975 I rose in one step to \$2,000 a year, and in January this year to \$4,000 a year."

"I am glad to inform you that I have just received an increase in salary which amounts to \$1,000 extra per year."

"Since taking up the course I have more than trebled my income, which is due entirely to your teaching."

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have actually increased my salary 300 per cent."

## How Pelmanism Works

Starting twenty-seven years ago, Pelmanism has spread all over the world. It numbers

among its graduates over one-half million successes.

Pelmanism has been aptly called the Science of Success. It is the net result of a lifetime of tireless research in the principles of "getting ahead." It entailed years of effort—thousands of experiments. Briefly—it places before you in clear understandable form just those principles necessary to Success—then shows you how to use them.

No matter who you are, no matter what line of work you are in, no matter what your education—Pelmanism can get more out of life for you, and make life mean more to you.

It will develop your thinking power—your money-making power—and prove to you that right now you have just as good a brain as the men who are making from two to ten times more than you—then show you *how to use it*. It will reveal to you your Unsuspected Self—the man or woman you have always dimly suspected that you might become if you only could see clearly—dominant, fearless, and rejoicing—going ever onward from success to success.

Without the principles of Success embodied in Pelmanism no one ever has succeeded—no one ever will succeed. This, of course, does not mean that no one can gain great success in life unless he is a Pelmanist. No; but it does mean that with Pelmanism your success will be *sure*; your success will come *sooner*; your success will be *far greater*!

## How to Become a Pelmanist

The coupon below will bring you, without the slightest cost or obligation on your part, a copy of a new 48-page book which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It tells how thousands of others have attained great and unexpected success in life—and how you can do the same. It is fascinatingly interesting, with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation.

Your copy is ready for you. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. Pelmanism is too big a thing to be put off. Clip and fill out the coupon NOW—before you turn this page. Mail it to-day!

**PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA**  
2575 Broadway, Suite 105, New York City

**PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA**  
Suite 105, 2575 Broadway, New York City

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your 48-page free booklet describing Pelmanism.

Name.....

Address.....

## What World Famous Men Say About Pelmanism

**Judge Ben B. Lindsay:** "Pelmanism is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a new driving force."

**Sir Rider Haggard,** whose books have been translated into every language: "I recommend Pelmanism to those who, in the fullest sense, really wish to learn and to become what men and women ought to be."

**George Croft:** "Talk of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but with my own eyes I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities—I say deliberately and with the deepest conviction that Pelmanism will do what it promises to do."